

THE PAPER FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS: See Pages 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

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as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1904.

One Penny.

From Paris to New York by Land

AND THE

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK.

In the course of his exceedingly interesting work, "From Paris to New York by Land," Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, pays a remarkable tribute to the value of the "Daily Mail" Year Book, which accompanied him on his Expedition.

Mr. DE WINDT says:—

"Before the start (from Verkhoyansk) a pathetic little incident occurred, which is indelibly photographed on my memory.

"My small supply of reading matter comprised a 'Daily Mail' Year Book, and although very loth to part with this, I had not the heart to take it away from a young exile who had become engrossed in its contents. For the work contained matters of interest which are usually blacked out by the censor. 'I shall learn it all off, Mr. de Windt,' said the poor fellow, as the Chief of Police for a moment looked away."

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I.
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That quite eight pints of bitter may be here.

II.
Just fit it to a T.
Found this at once you see.

III.
True Grecian, if you please,
Who loved such games as these.

IV.
Not dark, but this; the day is growing weary.
Light up, and let us in it still be cheery.

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1221 Infelice "Ernani" - - - - - Verdi.
1222 Canzone del Porter "Martha" - - - - - Von Flotow.
1223 Serenade "Don Juan" - - - - - Tchaikowsky.

BARITONE SOLOS by Signor CAMPANARI.

(Piano accompaniment.)

1224 Cavatina "Faust" - - - - - Gounod.
1225 Serenade - - - - - Sepilli.
1226 Aria "Il Barbiere de Seville" - - - - - Rossini.
1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" - - - - - Bizet.

1904.	January.				Feb.
Sun.	10	17	24	31
Mon.	11	18	25	...
Tues.	12	19	26	...
Wed.	6	13	20	27	...
Thurs.	7	14	21	28	...
Fri.	8	15	22	29	...
Sat.	9	16	23	30	...

*Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

BOY'S RASH AXE.

CULPRIT SURRENDERS HIMSELF TO JUSTICE LAST NIGHT.

WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

Thomas Schütz, the boy Apache, who is alleged to have attacked Mr. W. E. Lane with an axe in the Cannon-street offices of the Electric Light and Traction Company of Australia, on Monday morning, surrendered himself late last night to Detective-Inspector Willis.

Schütz has been described as an office boy; he is nothing of the kind, his rank being that of a clerk. In many reports are many contradictions; and another story is that Schütz carried the axe from his home to the office in a brown paper parcel. This also is wrong. His family knew that he left home with a parcel, but there was no axe in it.

Thus, there is a mystery of an axe as well as of a crime. If Schütz attacked his master with murderous intent, what possessed him? There is absolutely no attributable motive to explain his act. The only immediate suggestion is that of mental aberration. He had received a Christmas present from Mr. Lane, and the company had added 2s. 6d. a week to his salary, to date from January 1st.

No Apparent Motive.

When the youth himself is considered his outburst becomes still more inexplicable. He has been rather a quiet and studious lad, not roving far from his home. He is a good draughtsman, and he is exceptionally skilful as an amateur photographer. Even the pernicious influence of "penny horrors" must be abandoned as an explanation of his act.

Notwithstanding his German name, his birthplace is England. When he vanished from Cannon-street he was wearing a dark jacket-suit, and a dark grey cap. His overcoat he left behind him, but its pocket did not contain his mid-day meal, as some reports have stated.

Last night's official statement represented Mr. Lane as progressing satisfactorily. He is still conscious, but necessarily weak, and will not be in a fit state to be present when Schütz is charged to-day at the Mansion House with attempted murder.

Schütz, it is understood, has made a statement, but its nature will not be known until he appears before the magistrates.

THE FARTHING DIP.

Where There's a Frill There's a Fray.

"A little more and how much it is, the little less and what immensely reduced prices," is the guiding principle of several armies of London Amazons just now. The fact that certain more or less desirable pieces of material can be obtained at, say, £1 19s. 11d., instead of £2, was yesterday again the casus belli.

There are rumours that a fierce engagement took place in a certain universally renowned shop not far from Westbourne-grove; and in Oxford-street and its neighbourhood the struggle was carried on with unabated energy.

A war correspondent who ventured into the thick of the mêlée writes: "The victory was rather to the strategically skilful than the strong. Three young warriors, whose tanned cheeks and short tweed skirts told of prowess in the hockey field, bore all before them as they made for the flannel remnant counter; but while they hesitated as to the rival merits of three yards and five-eighths at 2s. 11d. and four yards and a quarter at 3s. 9d., two brisk little misses, all feather boa and spotted veil, had wired in and seized both pieces, which they added to the armful of spoil carried behind them by an attendant."

Much excitement had been caused by a "tale of cock and bull" to the effect that all wearers of voluminous capes were to be forcibly seized by the enemy's spies and carried off to a room, where they were to be ignominiously searched for loot. Hitherto, however, such doubtful tactics have not been employed.

PROFITS ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH

The fiscal question has already begun to show profit to at least one section of the community.

At the final meeting of the committee which arranged for Mr. Chamberlain's great speech on the fiscal question at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, it was stated that the receipts amounted to £1,913, and that there was a surplus of £74, which will be divided between the Liberal Unionist and Conservative Associations of that city.

MADAME NORDICA'S LIFE THREATENED.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, who recently began a divorce suit, is under constant police protection here, cables our New York correspondent, because of letters containing threats against her life. Her friends believe she is in great danger.

Madame Nordica is afraid to arrange for another concert tour.

Nearly four hundred public halls in Chicago have been closed pending investigations to ascertain whether the building law has been complied with.

CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE

Who Eluded the Police Disguised as an English Parson.

"His had been a chequered life," observes Mr. Collier, a rhetorical historian much in vogue in the days of our youth, alluding to Perkin Warbeck. But Perkin Warbeck is not in it with Georges Lallier, a young Frenchman of good family who appeared yesterday at Clerkenwell Sessions and there pleaded guilty to stealing three bicycles in a single day.

Lallier was also good enough to furnish the Court with a short history of his own times beginning with his birth in Normandy some twenty-five years back, his preparation for St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst, and his four years' service as a private.

The Court, however, roused itself when he described how he had once evaded the French police disguised as an English clergyman.

A deserter from the French Army, heir to a fortune of £3,400, which he had squandered, an hotel-keeper at Jersey, clerk to a wine merchant whose money he had embezzled, and, finally, the promoter of a bogus exhibition organised with a couple of compatriots at New Cross Hall, Lewisham—such was the career outlined.

The exhibition had been a singularly original fraud. The promoters had pocketed the rent of the stalls, eaten the comestibles exhibited, and sold those that were indigestible. As "awards of excellence" they had struck a medal the colour of gold, and ordered some highly artistic certificates. A term of imprisonment followed, and Lallier has now been awarded an additional six months, with hard labour.

WHAT IS IT?

The Object of "Peristerionism" Disclosed at the Crystal Palace.

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood and stone," and the pigeon fancier, similarly possessed, no doubt, dubs himself a "peristerionist" when holding his annual exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

Hence the National Peristerion Society's show now being held under the glass roof in question, where the pigeons are ranged in rows of cages under the shadow of the giant Christmas tree in the central transept.

A well-known fancier, who has won many prizes at home and on the Continent, showed with pride his fine collection of Posters, all "small of waist and long of limb," with feathered legs and distended pouches, and told how one feathered lady, a yellow and white beauty, had flown joyously on to his shoulder when he let her out of her cage after an illness which had kept him away from his favourites for seven weeks. "I nearly cried," he said, "I was so touched at the little creature's recognition," and at the sound of her master's voice the bird hopped to and fro, craned her neck, and fluttered her wings.

It is not surprising to learn that pigeons so rarely intelligent and so finely feathered are sometimes almost worth their weight in gold. Only the other day an enthusiastic fancier gave £300 on the purchase of a pair, and another precious pair were snapped up for £100, to the great disgust of their owners, who had put, as they hoped, a prohibitive price on their exhibits. Next time they showed two very special birds they priced them at £1,000, and succeeded in frightening away covetous purchasers.

LADY'S WALK IN HER NIGHTDRESS.

The strange appearance of a lady in her nightdress and slippers at Kent House Railway Station has been explained, and she has been restored to her friends. It appears she had recently recovered from an illness, and had been staying with relatives at Croydon.

During her hostess's absence the fancy seized her to leave the house, and she went five miles in her night garb, apparently in the attempt to reach her home at Bromley. She carried a basket of jewels and a purse of gold, and her fingers were covered with diamond rings.

RIOTOUS ELECTORS.

Tariff reformers are still meeting with much hostility in Mid-Devon, where a by-election campaign is progressing amid the usual excitement.

Several platforms have been stormed and a meeting has been postponed owing to one of the speakers being hurt in the riot at Newton Abbot.

At Gateshead, Mr. Barnes, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, has declined to contest the seat in the Labour interest.

Lord Morpeth has been adopted as the Conservative candidate.

DEATH FOLLOWS SNAPDRAGON.

A game of snapdragon at a New Year's Eve party has had a most distressing result. Yesterday morning Mrs. Hemingway, a young Irish lady, living near Poole, who was present at the party, died from the effects of burns received through a servant mistaking methylated spirit for brandy, and pouring some into the dish containing the raisins.

During a fit of coughing an Islington lady's false teeth slipped into her throat causing death by suffocation.

GORDON-BENNETT OF 1904.

Record Number of Entries, but Lack of Drivers.

A record number of motor-cars are entered for the Eliminating Trials for Gordon-Bennett cup competitors this year.

The entries for British-built cars are already closed, but the German lists remain open until February 1.

Up to the present, France is the only country the date of whose Eliminating Trial is fixed. This is the 17th of May, one month from the date of the actual race.

Twenty-six cars are entered, by Messrs. Mors, Panhard et Levasor, Darracq, De Dietrich, Bayard (better known as Clement), Gobron-Brillie, G. Richard-Brasier, Gardner-Serpollet, and Surcat-Méry.

The last-named firm are only sending two cars, but all the others have entered three.

Three cars alone will represent America, and of these the Peerless is the only one which is at all well known.

No date as yet is fixed for the Eliminating Trials in England, but they will probably be earlier than the French, and take place, as before, at Welbeck.

A New Type of Car.

Four firms have built and entered cars: Messrs. S. F. Edge, the Wolseley Co., Messrs. Darracq, and the new Hulton car, entirely designed and built by Mr. J. E. Hulton, the well-known automobilist, who steered the car announcing the end of the race over the Irish course last year.

This car is of very large horse-power, and several entirely new features will be embodied in it.

One difficulty is assailing all countries, and this is the finding of drivers.

As far as France is concerned, the Mors, Panhard, and Bayard cars are provided for; while there are drivers in the persons of Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Mark Mayhew, and Mr. John Hargreaves for three of the five Napier.

It is not yet definitely settled that Mr. Charles Jarrott will drive a De Dietrich, and even if he does so in the Trials, he may not in the actual race itself.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

A New and Attractive Method of Teaching Geography.

The earth was shaped like an orange and striped and quartered with a confused tangle of lines known as longitudes and latitudes. Such was the old system of teaching geography.

But if the authorities who have united to organise the admirable map exhibition now being held at the South-Western Polytechnic get their way geography will be a new and transformed science. Its own mother, so to speak, will hardly recognise it.

Quite revolutionised are the old notions of a mysteriously pink Denmark or a yellow Asia—the latest teaching maps are coloured by nature, and by nature only.

Blue is the sea, varying from a light shade in the shallows to a dark tint for ocean depths. Bright red is the topmost mountain peak—nearest the sun—graduating to faint rose until it reaches the usual sea level—where green again prevails.

Probability enters largely into the political side. "On which bank of the river would you look for Lhasa, the capital of Tibet?" inquires the master of the new-system school-boy, who has never gabbled off a parrot-list of capitals and countries in his life.

"Tibet is a cold, pink plateau swept by cutting winds, reasons the student, and he answers, not at random, but after a moment's thought, that in such a climate the sun's rays would be welcome, and, therefore, that the Tibetans built Lhasa on the southern bank."

"Right," says the master, and declares that out of a hundred questions considered on this principle ninety-nine will be right.

NO RATE-AIDED HOSPITALS.

It was reported yesterday that the Local Government Board would in future authorise municipal authorities to grant sums of money from the rates towards the maintenance of local hospitals. But this does not happen to be true.

"It is only a small local matter," said Sir Edmund Hay Currie, yesterday afternoon. "The Local Government Board have merely authorised the Tottenham District Council to make a contribution to their local hospital. This action must in no wise be considered a precedent."

"Personally, I should be very sorry to see any hospital relieved from the rates. In London scarcely any of them are in a position to need such help. If a hospital is administered with economy it can always rub along on the subscriptions, and if hospitals were relieved of their rates it would in many cases induce the management to become extravagant."

VERY COLD.

Reuter makes one shiver by his graphic account of the "coldest spell since 1875" in some parts of the States. It is 43 degrees below freezing point in some favoured spots in Maine—where no strong drink is available—and the cold is so great that "locomotives have difficulty in keeping up steam."

DISASTROUS EXPLOSION.

FOUR MEN KILLED AT A CORNISH DYNAMITE FACTORY.

SHOCK FELT FOUR MILES OFF.

A disastrous explosion which took place at the dynamite works of the National Explosive Company at Hayle yesterday morning has involved the loss of the lives of four men and serious injuries to a number of others.

The shock of the explosion was so great that many windows of houses in towns as far distant as St. Ives and Penzance were broken—in fact, at St. Ives, which is four miles from Hayle, while the latter place is only a mile from the scene of the disaster, the greatest damage was done.

The explosive works are situated on the Towns or Sandhills at Hayle, and give employment to between 600 and 700 men, women, and girls.

The explosion occurred a few minutes before eleven o'clock. There were two distinct reports in rapid succession.

A rush of men, women, and children towards the works followed—hundreds of hatless and half-clothed people making their way over the mile and half of intervening ground, and many scenes of a most distressing character were witnessed.

An examination by the officials of the company showed that two houses, or sections, as they are usually termed, had completely vanished, leaving only a great hole in the sand to show where they had stood. The men who worked in them were engaged in preparing the compound of nitro-glycerine in its early stages. At the time of the disaster two men had been at work in each of these houses. It was only too obvious that they must have perished.

Their names were: Simon Tory, 22, single; William Clift, 20, single; Andrew Curnow, 25, who leaves a widow and two children; and Walter Luzmore, 25, who leaves a widow and one child.

With the exception of a Swede, named Holman, none of the other workmen received very serious injuries.

An inquiry will be held by a Government expert, but it is naturally anticipated that it will be very difficult to elucidate the cause of the disaster, as the four men who alone could explain how it occurred have all perished.

Among the great destruction caused by the explosion was the complete ruin of the fine old stained-glass window at the east end of the parish church.

STRANGE KIND OF BANK.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.
A funeral of the meanest description was witnessed at Vincennes, though the dead woman who was being laid to rest had proved to have left a considerable fortune.

The fact was that relatives of Mlle. Kahn, who was considered to be well off, were most disgusted to find, as they thought, that she had died in poverty. They declared they would not spend any unnecessary money on her funeral, and ordered that she should be buried in the part of the cemetery reserved for the poorest class.

After the funeral, however, a singular discovery was made. An old basket full of potatoes was emptied, and mingled pell-mell with these homely vegetables were bank notes, gold, and bonds representing a sum of £6,000. It seemed the old lady; feeling robbers, had been accustomed to keep all her wealth in her marketing basket.

HOW MR. LLOYD-GEORGE WILL FIGHT.

Speaking on the Education Act at Carnarvon yesterday, Mr. Lloyd-George said that Wales must fight the County Council elections on education and win. If the Government were to lose the mandamus then the County Councils must give up the Government schools, and turn all Nonconformist chapels into schools, thus giving the children such education as would burn into their memories.

THE CITY LESS CHEERFUL.

He would want sharp eyes who would discover signs of business on the Stock Exchange nowadays. Yesterday was no exception to the general slackness. Moreover, the previous day's optimism was thought to be a mere bubble, and in the morning the market was depressed. So that the markets were depressed and gloomy in the afternoon, when they changed round and were better. The American market, which came from Berlin. It was said indeed that a great German commercial house had good tidings. All the financial houses were getting credited nowadays with tidings of one or another.

The final arrangements in carrying over the business on the Stock Exchange were completed yesterday was thought to be the case on Monday. Of even more importance to the investment markets was the statement that the Bank of England was inclined to postpone the first instalment of the new Transvaal loan until the times were more encouraging.

Dealers in the American market are still waiting for the Steel Trust dividend, but they seemed more sanguine about it in the afternoon, and so American shares, which had been very bad, closed quite cheerful. Much could not be said for our Home Railway market, where nobody seems to want to deal except for investment buying of securities like Great Western, and perhaps with the release of the dividend money next month there may be more doing in a day or two. An interesting feature is the continued firmness of week of Japanese and Russian bonds, which, together with Chinese bonds, seem to be resisting all the influence of the Argentine meat companies for the day. The Argentine meat companies have piled of late, and have been keen competitors for among the factors.

There is very little to interest the public nowadays in mines.

THE DUKE'S GUESTS.

A GOOD DAY AMONG THE PHEASANTS.

VISIT TO BE PROLONGED.

Shooting, motoring, and golfing was yesterday's programme at Chatsworth, where King Edward and Queen Alexandra are the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Promptly at 11.30 a.m. the brakes arrived that were to convey the royal and noble sportsmen to the coverts. The morning was misty, but, nevertheless, a huge bag was made, wild duck from the neighbouring meres falling a victim as well as the nimble pheasant.

The guns were King Edward and his ducal host, Prince Henry of Prussia, Earl Percy, Lord Ely, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Earl Howe, Lord Herbert W. Temple, the Hon. John Ward, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Stanley, Mr. Charteris, and Mr. Willie James.

A hundred beaters were out, and, as the mists lifted, the birds were brought down in such numbers that a large game cart was speedily requisitioned.

Lunch was served in a specially erected marquee, and here the sportsmen were joined by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Duchess, and other ladies of the house party, the public looking on from a respectful distance. The Queen and Princess Victoria were in tailor-made costumes.

Date of Departure.

Later in the afternoon the Duchess and Princess Victoria motored round the neighbouring countryside.

Meanwhile Mr. Balfour and several confederates, including Mr. Ben Sayers and Mr. Taylor, the well-known professionals, had been themselves to the golf course, where they spent most of the daytime.

At dinner Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's son, again made melody, and later on Lady Maud Warrender delighted their Majesties with several of their favourite songs.

The King has now definitely decided to prolong his visit, and he will leave Chatsworth Monday instead of on Saturday as originally intended.

The pantomime rehearsals, for which Mr. Leo Trevor is responsible, are progressing merrily, and it is hoped that all will go well on Thursday, the "first night," when their Majesties will attend. The audience will not consist exclusively of the house party, for about 100 invitations have been sent to neighbours in the county.

On Friday night a public performance will be given in aid of local charities, for which tickets may be purchased from half a guinea downwards.

Today there will be more shooting, and the Queen is expected to pay a visit to Bakeham and the neighbouring workhouse, which is one of the prettiest in England.

LIVES THERE A GREAT LAND SLOTH?

Several small boys came away from Professor Ray Lankester's fourth Christmas lecture at the Royal Institute on "Extinct Animals" yesterday fired with the ambition to go out to South America and hunt for the last of the Great Land Sloths—if indeed there is one left.

The modern sloth lives in the trees, hanging from the branches by his great claws, and he never comes to earth; thanks to a microscopic plant which accommodates the green foliage that even the wily jaguar passes him by. The extinct sloths were terrible and vast monsters which lived on the ground. The Megatherium thought nothing of pulling down huge trees and devouring them, though he often got his skull cracked in the process. As years rolled on the sloth got smaller and smaller, and one day, instead of his hauling down a tree, a branch pulled him up into the tree, and he has been an arboreal animal ever since.

It is possible, thinks the Professor, that there may be a Great Land Sloth roaming the South American forests, because the skin has been found, a "Neo-Mylodon" by name, an islet known as the "Last Hope."

CHILDREN HELP CHILDREN.

"Just like those Australians," wrote Lady (H.L.) Stanley, alluding to the warm-hearted children in which 1,000 of the poorest East End placed kinsmen in the Antipodes last evening. The treat in question was a dinner of beef and plum-pudding and mince-pies subscribed for by the generous youngsters on the other side of the world.

Surely there was a return of good for evil. We had just won the test match and here to shine for their poorer English brothers and sisters.

The event of the evening, if one omits the plum-pudding, was the reading of a letter from Lord Roberts. "I am delighted," he wrote, "to have again the opportunity of saying how gratifying it is to know that so much kindness is displayed by the Australian children to their poor friends in England."

A CURTAILED LION.

Paris Vet.'s Successful Operation on the King of Beasts.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

The lion without his tail and tuft is as uninspiring an object as the peacock without his spread of feathers. Yet listen to this painful narrative.

Bostock's great menagerie is at present quartered at the Hippodrome. Needless to say, so well stocked a collection requires the services of a special medicine man; and the latest of these is M. Dramart, who was called in on Monday to take seven inches off the tail of a large lion.

This animal, it appears, had been more royal than royalty, and had so bullied and intimidated the other lions that, like small boys at a public school, they had waited a favourable opportunity for one of their number, no doubt chosen by lot, to take a huge bite at the enemy's chief ornament.

On Monday M. Dramart was called in to complete the job, which, so far, had been bungled. Attended by Captain Bonavia, the lion-tamer, and three aides-de-camp, he persuaded the patient to enter a small cage securely fixed to the bars of the large cage in which the lion was usually at home.

Now the whole company hung on to the damaged tail, and then—one, two, three—began the tug-of-war. The lion lashed out and the men hung on, while M. Dramart selected the exact point at which to sever the vertebra.

A roar and a superb bound from the king of beasts next proclaimed that the surgeon had effected his purpose. Curtailed by seven and a quarter inches, the lion was now driven back by Captain Bonavia into the desirable iron-barred villa residence which is his normal habitation and abode.

The wound will soon heal, though Leo will never be his old super's self again.

"MATRIMONY, UNLIMITED."

Brain-racking Complications in a Bigamy Charge.

Those who don't want a headache are earnestly requested not to read this paragraph.

It refers to the family relationships of one William Gamble Redhead, whose wife, Florence Rebecca, was yesterday charged with bigamy at West Ham Police Court. The trouble began as far back as 1897, when Redhead petitioned for a divorce. One Henry Foster was the co-respondent. Before the decree was made absolute—that is, before the original marriage was dissolved—least, though the union was not a legal one.

Then came further complications. Foster went to South Africa, and during his absence Mrs. Redhead lived with another man named Burrell, whom she married. Foster, piqued at this, gave information of the first bigamous marriage to the police.

To make matters still more complicated, Mrs. Redhead's mother must marry Redhead's father, so that Redhead occupies this bewildering position:—

His father is his father-in-law,
His mother-in-law is his step-mother,
His wife is his step-sister, and
Two other men have married his wife.

One sympathises with the unhappy magistrate, who, after hearing the story of the marriages, exclaimed, "For goodness' sake, do not let us have any more marriages." Mrs. Redhead was committed for trial.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LOVE-LETTERS.

Other people's love-letters are amusing reading, but till they are delivered to the rightful addressee they are the property of the Postmaster-General.

This fact, among others, was imparted yesterday to a young man named Hodson, living at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. By mistake the postman had brought him a love-letter addressed to somebody else, and he had opened and read it, laughed over it with a friend, and put it in the fire. So, at the instance of the Postmaster-General, Hodson was summoned to appear at the Leicestershire Quarter Sessions, where, no evidence being forthcoming that he acted with felonious intent, he was discharged, the Chairman observing that he was "a very lucky man."

BEREAVED HUSBAND'S LONG TRAMP.

Deeping Fen, Lincolnshire, is one of the most isolated parts of England.

In the case of a poor woman who recently died there the husband had to go to Market Deeping, a distance of seven miles, in order to get a certificate from the doctor. He then walked seven miles to the registrar to register the death, had a further five miles' walk to apply to the relieving officer for a coffin; and then had to walk nine miles to get home.

EXCESS OF TEMPERAMENT.

"Excess of temperament" is the German euphemism for brutality taking the form of kicking and whipping army recruits. For this conduct Sergeant Helbing has been sentenced at Breslau to two weeks' detention in barracks.

SIR O. LODGE ON RADIUM.

Mr. Chamberlain Presides at a Lecture on the New Discovery.

Mr. Chamberlain, presiding at Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture on radium at Birmingham Town Hall, last night, paid a high tribute to the strenuous energy which "our principal" had thrown into his work in the University, and to the inspiring influence which he, as principal of the University, had exercised over all their educational institutions.

Mr. Chamberlain, who was wearing the undress robes of the Chancellor of the University, was accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Chamberlain.

Sir Oliver Lodge, at the commencement, said the properties of radium, as now known, went beyond the anticipation of theory, but they were all in line with theory, and there was no difficulty in understanding them, and getting each into its niche.

It was thought that the behaviour of radium revolutionised the doctrines of science. It did revolutionise some of them, but the revolution had been prepared for beforehand in the study of the mathematician and the laboratory of the pure physicist.

Life of the Sun and Earth.

The discovery of this new or intra-atomic energy affected our estimate of the possible life of the sun and, to some extent, of the probable geologic age of the earth, but the most important consequence was the discovery of the mutability of matter, the transmutation of elements, and the liability of material atoms to break up or explode.

Twenty years ago it was thought that the atoms of matter were exempt from the liability to change. The process of change had now been found to reach to these also. Nothing material was permanent. The atoms were crumbling and decaying. Must they not also be forming and coming to the birth?

This last we did not know as yet. It was the next thing to be looked for. Decay without birth and culmination could not be the last word. The discovery might not come in our time, but science was rapidly growing, and it might.

BATH POSSESSES RADIUM.

Deposits from the Springs Contain an "Appreciable Quantity."

Bath learnt with much satisfaction yesterday morning that she is included in the very exclusive list of places known to possess, deposited within their confines, some quantity—appreciable in a lesser or greater degree—of radium.

And, as was only right, those mineral springs, which are at once the city's pride and profit, are intimately associated with the discovery of Bath's latest claim to fame. The interesting news was communicated at a meeting of the City Council.

For some time Professor Dewar has, at the expense of the Royal Society, collected the gases that rise in the largest and best known of the Bath springs—the King's Bath—and the result of his analysis revealed the fact that helium existed in the Bath waters.

The discovery of the existence of helium led to the belief that something of still greater scientific interest might be found in the deposits which form in the tanks and pipes at the three springs. A quantity of deposit from the new Royal Spring was collected, and was sent to Mr. K. J. Strutt, son of Lord Rayleigh, who has now made the discovery that radium was present in appreciable quantities, though he was sorry to say not enough to pay for extraction.

ACCUSED OF STEALING HER OWN CHILD.

Mrs. Ada Pearce found herself in the strange situation yesterday of being placed in Greenwich Police Court dock on a charge of stealing her own child. The grandmother of the child, Mary Chessom, was also before the magistrate.

Recent District Court proceedings were responsible for the incident. The father said that he had received an order for the custody of the child, but that last Friday the two women came and took the child away. Mrs. Chessom contended that the father had signed a paper allowing her the custody of the child, but that it was in the possession of the King's Proctor.

Mrs. Pearce was discharged, and Mrs. Chessom remanded on bail.

STREET WITH AN EVIL HISTORY.

Ratcliff Highway and its neighbourhood in times past acquired an exceptionally evil reputation, and one that De Quincey's narrative of the infamous deeds of the murderer Williams has perpetuated.

Yesterday another crime was added to the list which the history of the locality embraces. Neighbours hearing shots at a lodging-house in Artichoke-hill, a dismal street in St. George's-in-the-East, rushed into the kitchen. They found a German woman named Olga Poppi, who acted as servant, and Martha Powell, a middle-aged woman who occupied a room in the house, lying unconscious on the floor. They were conveyed to the hospital, where Poppi subsequently died.

The police arrested a lodger named John Colman, who, it is alleged, fired the shots.

A Cambridge bookmaker, who was arrested for betting in a public-house and elected to be tried by a jury, has been fined £75.

ENGLAND'S EASY VICTORY.

AUSTRALIA DEFEATED BY 185 RUNS IN THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

DESTRUCTIVE BOWLING BY RHODES.

The M.C.C. team yesterday defeated Australia in the second test match at Melbourne by 185 runs. This happy result was in a great measure due to the magnificent bowling of Rhodes, who, taking the fullest advantage of the damaged pitch, proved almost unplayable in Australia's second innings, and actually captured eight wickets for 68 runs.

Rain fell heavily at Melbourne throughout Monday night, and the wicket became so thoroughly saturated that it was decided early in the morning to postpone the resumption until after lunch. As a matter of fact it was close upon half-past three before a start was actually made. The English second innings was soon brought to a conclusion.

Tyldesley hit out in fine style but could get no one to keep him company for long. With his score at 50 he was missed by Gregory at square-leg, and encouraged by this let-off he went for the bowling with even greater vigour than before. With the total at 90, however, and his own score at 62 he fell to an easy catch in the slips by Trumper off Howell's bowling. Relf and Fielder stayed together for a few overs, but the innings closed for 103, leaving the Australians with 297 to get to win.

Rhodes Unplayable.

The wicket was still in a very bad state when the Australians started their second innings. It was soon seen that Rhodes's bowling was almost unplayable on the treacherous pitch, and the total had only reached 14 when he got rid of Duff, who was easily caught in the slips by Braund.

Hill and Trumper played fine, forcing cricket during their partnership, and while they were together there seemed to be at least a possibility of the Australians making a good fight. Runs came at a great pace, 50 going up in less than half an hour, but almost immediately afterwards Hill was well caught in the long field by Relf.

Trumper left at 73, after having played another invaluable innings, and Noble alone of the remaining batsmen was able to face Rhodes with any confidence. Noble scored rather faster than usual, but no one stayed with him for long, and the innings came to a close shortly before six o'clock, for the insignificant total of 111, leaving the Englishmen victorious by 185 runs.

The Englishmen thus won the first two of the five test matches, and only one more victory is required to give them the "rubber." The third match commences at Adelaide on the 15th.

Full scores:—

ENGLAND.		Second Innings.	
P. F. Warner, c Duff b	Trumble	08	c Trumper b Saunders 3
Hayward, c Gregory b	Hopkins	58	c Trumper b Trumble... 0
Tyldesley, c Trumble b	Howell	97	c Trumble b Howell ... 62
R. E. Foster, retired	absent	40	absent
Brand, c Howell b	Trumble	20	b Saunders
Knight, b Howell	2	lbw b Trumble	0
Hirst, c Noble b Howell	7	c Gregory b Howell	4
Rhodes, lbw b Trumble	2	lbw b Trumble	9
Lilly, c Howell b	Trumble	4	st Kelly b Trumble
Relf, not out	1	c Hill b Trumble	4
Fielder, b Howell	1	c Hill b Trumble	4
Extras	4	Extras	8
Total	315	Total	103

AUSTRALIA		Second Innings.	
V. Trumper, c Tyldesley	74	c Relf b Rhodes	35
R. A. Duff, st Lilly b	Rhodes	10	c Braund b Rhodes
C. Hill, c Rhodes b	Hirst	5	c Relf b Rhodes
M. E. Gregory, c sub b	Rhodes	0	not out
S. J. Gregory, c Hirst	b Rhodes	1	c Rhodes b Hirst
A. J. Hopkins, c not out	18	c and b Rhodes	7
H. Trumble, c sub b	Rhodes	2	c Braund b Rhodes
W. W. Armstrong, c and	b Rhodes	1	c Hayward b Rhodes
J. J. Kelly, run out	8	c Lilly b Rhodes	7
W. F. Howell, c Fielder	b Rhodes	0	c Hirst b Rhodes
J. V. Saunders, not out	1	c Fielder b Hirst	0
Extras	1		
Total	122	Total	111

BOWLING ANALYSIS.		ENGLAND—First Innings.		o. m. r. w.	
Trumble	50	10	6	43	0
Noble	6	3	0	10	0
Saunders	16	3	0	10	0
Howell	34	5	14	43	4
Trumble	10	5	2	34	5
Saunders	8	0	33	2	1
Hopkins	2	1	3	0	0

AUSTRALIA—First Innings.		o. m. r. w.	
Rhodes	15	3	0
Hirst	8	33	7
Braund	3	1	0
Rhodes	15	0	8
Hirst	13	4	38

—Reuter's Special Service.

THE GUISBOROUGH MURDER.

A verdict of Wilful Murder has been returned against the young man, James Clarkson, arrested for the murder of a girl named Elizabeth Mary Lyness, twelve years of age, by the Guisborough coroner's jury. Evidence was given yesterday by a police-officer of bloodstains being found on Clarkson's clothing a few hours after the tragedy occurred.

HOW NOT TO COLONISE.

THE GREAT BLUNDER THAT HAS MADE AUSTRALIA UNINHABITED.

"GENERAL" BOOTH TO THE RESCUE.

It was suggested in our "Reflections" of yesterday that Australia is a failure from the colonisation point of view. If the reader were able to go into the matter with the representatives of the Colonies in this country he would find that no one will deny that this is the case.

It is not good for Australia or for the Mother Country that Australia should continue to be a vast continent uninhabited except to the extent of a few towns and a thin fringe of people.

Yet, whilst the Federal immigration laws remain what they are it is not easy to find out a remedy.

Some time ago a member of the Denmark Parliament wrote to the Agent-General for Western Australia suggesting a scheme for diverting the stream of Danish emigrants to the United States to Western Australia.

Briefly, the Danish argument was that their emigrants were swallowed up in the United States, and would do better for themselves and remain more in touch with the homeland if they were permitted to settle on the comparatively unpeopled shores of Australia.

The Ideal Emigrant.

This delightful suggestion was not to be limited to Danish emigrants, but was to apply also to the Norwegian and Swede. The Danish suggestion was that the Scandinavians should form a community of their own, and if this was acceptable to the British and Federal Governments the necessary steps would be taken to divert the present emigration to the United States in return for the extension of a little paternal care to these non-English-speaking emigrants on the part of the Briton.

We will say nothing as to this scheme, except that we do not greatly blame the Australians for not having welcomed the notion with anything like overpowering enthusiasm. Our own Government declined the scheme on the score of expense!

Give the kaleidoscope another turn. The colonisation question takes on new shapes and still stranger hues, for the latest development is that General Booth and the Salvation Army have offered to come to the rescue.

The ideal emigrant to Australia, and, indeed the emigrant for whom every colony ardently yearns, is the agriculturist who has a few hundred pounds sterling wherewith to set up for himself.

Keeping Britons Out.

We fear that not many of these ideal emigrants will be found amongst the foster-children of the Salvation Army. No decision in regard to the Salvation Army proposals have yet been received from the Commonwealth.

The fact is that a useful British emigration to the States of Australia is an impossibility until such time as the Federalists decide upon some radical amendment of the Immigration Restriction Act of 1901.

By the provisions of this Act no Briton can have any sense of security. If he should have any contract for his labour with an Australian employer this fact will mean not that he will be welcomed as a self-supporting citizen, but that he will not be permitted to land unless he succeeds in obtaining an exemption from the Federal Prime Minister.

The incident of "the six haters" is a case in point. Mr. Percy Rowland declares in yesterday's "Times" that this case has been "widely misrepresented for political purposes."

It is not clear what political purposes are served by any misrepresentation of such a matter as this, but the odd thing is that Mr. Rowland does not seem to have acquainted himself with the facts, for he continues:—"It was not as colonists that they incurred their somewhat cavalier reception, but as men coming out under contract to employers with the apparent object of lowering the current rate of wages in the Commonwealth."

A Forgotten Formality.

The truth is that these historic haters were engaged by a large firm in Sydney at the current rate of wages and for no reason other than the fact that the firm in question could not get all the men it wanted to enable it to carry on and extend its business.

Therefore the notion that these men were "blacklegs" could not be "apparent." The apparition has only presented itself to Mr. Rowland.

The reason that these men were told to go home again was that the Sydney firm had omitted the formality of obtaining the permission of the Premier to engage Britons at the rate of wages paid to their Australian co-workers.

The working of this Immigration Act has this strange result. If the Briton has secured no engagement in Australia he may dump himself on the hospitable shores of Australia.

If, however, he has obtained an engagement it is sufficient cause for refusing him permission to land. The reason of this anomaly is, of course, that the Labour party in Australia, whose influence is paramount, object to any competition for fear that the abnormal rate of wages which they receive may be reduced.

If the Englishman likes to pay his passage out and take his chance of finding employ-

ment the Australian has no objection, but he must make no arrangements beforehand.

Therefore, the man who is earning a living in the old country naturally declines to throw up his work for a mere speculation, and the man who is not working, and is prepared to go anywhere (and do nothing) is not the kind of emigrant that we can be called upon to encourage.

On the other hand, the effect of the Australian labour policy on the employer is to compel him to employ the absolute minimum number of hands, and to be unambitiously content to keep his business running within the smallest possible limits.

THE VEIL DANCE.

Graceful Figure that will be Popular this Season.

Stateliness and charm will return to our ballrooms with the new veil dance, which promises to be very popular during the coming season.

While it forbids the romping of the cakewalk and kitchen dance, the new figure gives the performers a chance of displaying agility and facetiousness; it does not confine them to measured steps, and lends itself to the temperament of the individual, who can bring any amount of originality into her rendering. At the same time the gaiety and coquetry must be graceful and refined.

There are two forms of the veil dance. One partakes somewhat of the nature of a Spanish square dance, and is danced by four couples from corner to corner. The other is a form of double minuet. This last is danced round the ballroom, and is the one which will be generally adopted, as being more compatible with individuality.

The dance is an adaptation from the stage. A certain kind of sleeve or shoulder dependence is necessary, and in most cases a soft silken gauze harmonising with the colours of the ballgown is chosen for the veil.

The unwary bachelor will soon learn that these mist-like veils surrounding a pretty face may prove perilous nets when handled by skilful dancers.

THE STORY'S SEQUEL.

The opinion prevails in New York that the Nautica lightship was swept out to sea in the terrible gale on Sunday. She had been in wireless communication with the shore, by which means she told the story of the storm, since when she has not been heard from.

A CRY FROM THE COUNTRY.

TOWN DWELLERS BETTER OFF FOR MOST OF THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE. THE SCARCITY OF MILK.

The Londoner seems generally to think that life in the country is a very idyllic sort of business. He says to himself that a life spent largely in the open air, with good, plain, wholesome food—a diet, in fact, composed of really new-laid eggs (not "best selected"), milk, home-made bread, delicious fresh vegetables, and really good English beef and mutton—goes to the formation of an amiable and contented disposition.

Long may he cherish that opinion! It is a great and glorious thing to keep one's ideals, but if good food makes good character then it is the pampered townsman who should show an equable temperament, not the poor countryman.

Eggs are a luxury hard to get for months together in the real country. Milk is a thing that only the fortunate can buy. For some occult reason the few people in our neighbourhood who deal in milk let all their cows go dry at the same time. To secure a quart or two of milk a day you must send round to two or three farms and get a tiny quantity from each.

Bread, when we first came to the country, we made at home. We found we had a real, genuine old bread oven, and with enthusiasm decided that never again would we have baker's bread. What we endured till we gave in and returned to the baker words will not describe!

Tiresome "Top Wuzzles."

As to vegetables, no doubt they are better freshly gathered than when they have stood handling, packing, and travelling. Still, it should be remembered that gardening is full of surprises.

Last year our beetroots hardly fulfilled our expectations. This year we decided that they should be really rather particularly good. When they began to show, there were hints thrown out by some that "them's funny looking beets." We thought, sadly, how jealousy would make some people say anything, but at last we were compelled to own that our beetroot leaves seemed to have struck out a line of their own as to colour.

"What d'you grown them there top wuzzles for," asked a neighbour, and then the confession was forced from the reluctant gardener that the seedsman did not seem to have sent quite the right seed. Really, we have no beetroots, but any amount of "top wuzzles," and what good they are in this world nobody seems to know!

Chickens and ducks are harder to get than pheasants and partridges. Of course, no right-minded person would think of buying a bird unless quite sure that the seller had a legal right to sell. It is, though, not unusual to be offered a pheasant, or a partridge, or a hare wonderfully cheap. They "happen to

QUICK DINNER.

HEAVY MEALS OUT OF FASHION IN A RUSHING AGE.

Heavy dinners are said to be going out of fashion—though the stewards on a liner don't think so. People prefer the lighter "entrée" meal.

"People have no time to feed thoroughly," says the restaurant manager of the Carlton Hotel, "their time is too valuable. They want to go shopping, pay their calls, dine, and go to the theatre, all in the shortest space of time. There is little doubt that people eat less than they used to."

"It's a pity," he added, with something like pathos. "I wish they would pay more attention to their food."

One great mistake restaurants in London make is having a fixed price dinner. Some one is bound to go away dissatisfied, and the same menu is bound to come round over and over again, so that the unfortunate man who perhaps dines once or twice a week at the same place finds that he has always lamb cutlets, kidneys, or beef placed before him.

The manager of Romano's thinks the decay of the big dinner is caused by the increasing popularity of the theatre. "If a man wants to enjoy a play he does not fill himself up with a heavy meal, which will make him half asleep during the performance. Naturally he abandons the idea of twelve courses and takes one entrée dish and a cup of coffee."

All Mr. Barrie's Fault.

The manager of the Criterion blames the advent of "Little Mary," and suggests that folk, reminded of the vengeance that organ takes for too much kindness bestowed on it, eat more carefully. Besides, there is a financial aspect to the case.

Still, appetite is as keen as ever, and in the case of the table d'hôte people eat heavily; they want as much as they can get for their money.

"Another feature," says this authority, "is the decline of champagne. I notice the bottle of 'fizz' is giving place very noticeably to the shilling whisky and soda. Perhaps this also may be put down to the prevailing money depression."

"The real gourmand," said another manager, "will sit at his dinner for an hour and a half or two hours. Nothing will hurry him, nothing disturb him. Time is of no importance, and the 'entrée' dinner change is not for him."

IS IT A PORTRAIT?

TALE OF A LONDON EDITOR WHO IS A "MALIGNANT OCTOPUS."

Is there a religious editor in London who would like to put this cap on his head?

"Wendover Wright was middle-sized; he was bald—he liked to be bald, it accentuated the eminence of his forehead—he had a pair of eyes like the cairngorms of his native land, as bright and just as soulful, and a long, straight inquisitive nose as sharp as the beak of a goldfinch."

Mrs. Rentoul Esler has written this description in a book called "The Trackless Way." The book tells the story of a Scotch minister who had trouble with the Presbytery, and was finally driven out of his pulpit as a heretic.

In three-quarters of the book we have Horville's soul-struggle and expulsion. In the last quarter the expelled minister makes the acquaintance of the literary editor of the "Christian Chronicle," the Rev. Wendover Wright. Here the interest of the book for some people will begin.

The meeting of the minister and the editor is made the occasion of some agonised thoughts on the part of the authoress.

"Oh, Horville, Horville!" she exclaims; "Oh, cry to your God that He will deliver you from the deadliest danger that has ever approached you, and will free you from the grasp of this human octopus!"

While the heretical minister is thanking God for the introduction to "the malignant octopus," as Mrs. Esler elsewhere calls him, the editorial minister is saying to himself:—

"He will write a very original book, sufficiently abundant in points to admit a dozen or more controversial articles for the 'Chronicle.' I will set Donnicthorne and Stubbs and Crackenthorpe on him. The book will probably sell seven or eight thousand copies, owing to the controversy. He will be dead before that is over, and then we shan't have to pay for the book."

Dead Men's Bones!

"At that" (adds Mrs. Esler) "he began to hum softly a verse from the twenty-third Psalm, because the good man when he is merry relieves his spirit with that kind of joyful noise. Wendover Wright was sorry that Gideon Horville looked so frail, but for other people's health he was not responsible. His business was editing, and, in all humility, he believed that he did that very well."

Mrs. Esler is very painstaking in her descriptions of Wendover Wright, his methods, and his surroundings. She tells us:—

"The room was bare of furniture, and also rather dirty. It was the duty of a clerk to keep it in order, but the clerk had a multiplicity of duties, and sometimes forgot this one."

"Horville's spiritual insight, being still dim and groping, did not see in that apartment what God saw—that the dirty floor was strewn thick with broken hearts and hopes, that each corner was piled high with dead men's bones."

"He gave his visitor a handclasp that was a benediction, and invited him to be seated with an aspect of interest and deference that was unsurpassable, having been perfected during half a score of years."

When Horville was told to write, he protested that he was unorthodox on religious matters.

"The editor waved his hand. 'Orthodoxy is stale,' he said. 'Its day is over; the tide is turning. Now, if you and I could get on the incoming wave we should be carried straight to fortune.'"

"In any case," said Wendover Wright to Mrs. Esler's hero, "I will put you before the public." He had already paved the way for this generous offer by telling what he had done for "Mountford, the novelist," in this fashion:—

Who Can This Be?

"A friend of mine," Wright said, in his confidential whisper, "I took him up when he had written just three newspaper articles and a comic song, and I began to boom him intelligently, you understand. And where is he now, do you think? He has one hundred thousand pounds well invested, and a name that is known to the ends of the earth."

I can always do the same for the right man if he will place himself unreservedly in my hands, and do what I tell him." Here Mr. Wright leaned back in his chair, and surveyed his companion with crab-like benevolence.

It would be interesting to know what "Mountford, the novelist," with his £100,000 in the bank, thinks of the "malignant octopus," if such an editor exists other than the brain of Mrs. Esler; also, what the "malignant octopus" thinks of Mrs. Esler.

But perhaps the whole thing is a "joke yard" joke. The Scotch one knows, "joke" or "difficultly." If it is not, Mrs. Esler ought to be asked to produce the type or types from which she has drawn "Wendover Wright." Otherwise the respected editor of several eminent religious weeklies, especially if they have leanings towards the discovering of literary prodigies, will have a bad time explaining in what respects the cap does not fit.

A CHANGE IN LIFE.

"Willie" Tucker is a Baltimore society man who disappeared last summer after squandering great sums of money. He has now written to a friend that he is working in Brazilian mines at £3 a week, and that he expects to return soon.

After Mr. Tucker disappeared, his mother opened his safe deposit box and found only about £18,000 of the £150,000 in stocks and bonds it was supposed to hold.



In Town and Country.

Neither the King nor the Queen appear before luncheon in any house where they may be staying, unless the King is going shooting, when he comes down after breakfasting in his own apartments. Princess Victoria, however, sometimes puts in an appearance, as she is rather fond of going for a walk round the gardens or conservatories before breakfast. During the morning the host and hostess visit their royal guests and lay before them the plans for the day.

From the Hunting Tower at Chatsworth can be seen the village of Eyam, which, with the exception of one woman who survived her husband and six children, was completely decimated by the Great Plague. It was introduced from London in a bundle of old clothes that were sent to one of the villagers. Near the same place is the spot where the local gibbet used to stand for the accommodation of the highwaymen who formerly frequented the moors. The old Pack Horse-road close by was just a track across the moors before turnpike roads were thought of.

Lady Helen Vincent and Lady Coke started together from London on Monday for Davos, where they mean to spend a fortnight or three weeks at least amusing themselves with the first-rate skating there usually to be got there at this time of the year. Both Lady Helen and Lady Coke are first-rate skaters and equally devoted to the sport, Lady Coke having done a great deal of it before her marriage as a young girl and when living in Germany. Lady Helen, on the other hand, has the comparative new institutions of the London skating rinks to thank for initiating her into the delights of this invigorating form of exercise.

To-day is the birthday of Lady Ilchester. She was Lady Mary Dawson, and is sister to Lord Dartrey. Lady Ilchester is one of London's greatest hostesses, and a few years ago revived the glories of forgotten ball. She is fond of country life, of dogs, horses, and gardening. The subtropical gardens at Abbotsbury are her special pride, and she has had them planted with many rare shrubs and flowers. Lady Ilchester has a gift for literature, and with her son, Lord Stavordale, edited "The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox." She owns a necklace of matchless black pearls, once the property of the Empress Eugénie.

Captain Bernard, who was married very quietly yesterday, at 9.30 a.m., to Miss Lettice Paget, will one day be Earl of Bandon, as the present peer has no son. Lord Bandon is a representative Irish peer, and his principal seat, is a delightful house to meet goes on. Lord Bandon is very fond of practical joking, and most of his guests are kind. His wife was Miss Georgina Evans, in spite of the fact of his having been borsive property, and lived to be eighty-one years old.

Miss Lettice Paget had some charming wedding presents. Among them was a beautiful coat of Russian sable from her father, while her mother's gifts were house-linen and Brussels lace. Lady Colebrooke gave a gold-mounted travelling bag, the bride and groom's father a pearl and diamond necklace, silver salver. The bride and bridegroom started for Paris and the Riviera as soon as they left the church, and at the conclusion of their honeymoon they will settle down at Chatham, where Captain Bernard's regiment is stationed.

Count Arthur Moore, who died yesterday at Moorsfort, County Tipperary, was ex-later constituency he represented from 1874 to 1885. In 1878 he was High Sheriff of Tipperary. Count Moore received his title from the late Pope, under whom he held the appointment of Chamberlain of Honour. His Papal dignity dates from 1879, when he was

also made a Commander of the Order of St. George. He was the son of Mr. Charles Moore, of Moorsfort, and married in 1877 the daughter of Sir Charles Clifford.

One of the most beautiful women in society Princess Henry of Pless, who is included in the Chatsworth house-party, appears in the theatrical performance to-morrow. "Daisy," as she is known to her intimate friends, is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, her only sister being the Duchess of Westminster. Her wedding to Prince Henry of Pless, whose marriage, by the way, to an English girl was a great blow to many match-making mothers in Germany, was one of the prettiest there has ever been. Prince and Princess Henry of Pless have one little son, who is a god-son of the German Emperor. At Fürstenstein, their home in Silesia, they entertain a great deal; the Princess is very popular, is affectionately known as "our fairy Princess." She is a capital whip, and can handle a four-in-hand to perfection, while sometimes she drives a team of five abreast. An excellent amateur actress, she sings delightfully, often accompanying herself on the guitar.

Miss Muriel Wilson, who is also staying at Chatsworth, is perhaps the most popular



From a MISS MURIEL WILSON. (Painting.)

Two of the ladies who take leading parts in the theatricals at Chatsworth to-morrow.

girl in society, certainly the best amateur actress, and always in great request at country houses. She is the only unmarried daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, her sisters being Mrs. John Menzies and Mrs. Lycett Green. A charming picture was exhibited at the Academy some years ago of the three beautiful sisters taking tea together, and this created almost as great a furore at the time as did Sargent's picture of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham some three or four seasons ago. Miss Wilson is a perfect French scholar, besides being very musical. She is, too, an ardent automobilist, and very fond of driving herself in the country, though she does not care for motoring in town.

Appropriately enough, seeing that the bridegroom was "a V.C. man," the wedding yesterday of Lord Fincastle and Miss Dorothea Kemble had several distinctly military and patriotic touches. The wedding favours of pure white camellias were bound with red and blue ribbons, and the hymn of military symbolism, "Fight the good fight with all thy might," was sung after the address. The church, decorated with tall palms, Madonna lilies, and fine chrysanthemums, was filled with a number of interested friends and relations of bride and bridegroom.

The six tall and graceful bridesmaids who awaited the bride in the aisle wore white mouseline de soie gowns, with bands of mink on yoke and sleeves, high-pointed pale blue belts and sashes, and blue-beaver hats with feathers shading to white. They were pretty to see, but even their charms paled before those of the four-year-old page, Master Cecil Forester, who looked exactly like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's cherubs, strayed by mistake into St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. His face of baby sweetness was surrounded by a halo of short gold curls, and the pale blue cloak, hanging on the shoulders of his white satin cavalier suit, was curiously suggestive of the wings of the conventional child angel. The Court train, too, which he held up with grave dignity, was of sheeny, billowy chiffon, and one

thought instinctively of the white clouds of Sir Joshua's famous picture.

Miss Kemble was a tall bride, as tall, indeed, as her soldier bridegroom, who is by no means lacking in inches. Her white satin gown was draped with Brussels lace, and she wore a lace veil, so thick in its richness as almost to hide her face. Her undeniable beauty was more evident after the service when, with her veil thrown back, she came down the aisle, animated and happy, chatting with her husband and greeting friends. Major Robert Carnegie, Gordon Highlanders, son of Lord Southesk and cousin of the bridegroom, was groomsmen. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Horace Kemble.

Of the four or five hundred presents received by the lucky couple, the greatest interest, of course, attaches to the ruby and diamond scarf-pin sent by the King to Lord Fincastle. The officers of the 16th Lancers, Lord Fincastle's regiment, sent a silver centre-piece, a figure representing a mounted 16th Lancer. Other presents came from the Duke of Atholl, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord and Lady

Lord and Lady Londonderry, except when entertaining, lead a very quiet life at Mount Stewart, where they are now spending a few weeks, and before her marriage, their daughter, Lady Helen Stavordale, and her father used to spend Sunday night singing hymns, secular music being tabooed. The following incident illustrates how sensibly Lady Helen was brought up. Some time ago at Mount Stewart she was anxious to become proficient in photography, and a photographer came regularly from Belfast to instruct her in the art. One day in the developing-room water was required, and the photographer asked if he could get some, to which Lady Helen replied she would see about it. Leaving the room, she returned in a few minutes carrying a large can which she gave the man. He, quite distressed at causing her so much trouble, asked why she had not sent him to fetch a servant who would have brought the water. "Oh," was the answer, "I never call servants for anything I can do myself." Although Mount Stewart is a large house, Lady Helen had no "den" of her own, but by getting a curtain suspended from a pole across the ceiling, which quite screened off her bedstead and washing-stand, she turned her bed-room into "the combined apartment" beloved by landladies, and there worked, painted, and mounted her photographs.

Clear, crisp, cold days are now the happy lot of those who are lucky enough to be in Florence. The streets are alive with people, the shops are filled, and the dull, dark days of the past are quite forgotten. One of the pleasantest parties of last week was given by Mr. Labouchere, M.P., and Mrs. Labouchere at the Villa Cristina, which was artistically decorated throughout with holly and mistletoe. A very high Christmas tree was lighted by electricity from top to bottom, and the smart world of Florence was well represented, everyone present receiving some dainty little gift. Mr. Labouchere does not at all look forward to exchanging the blue skies of Italy for the damp and fog of London when Parliament opens, but his sense of duty will probably make him sacrifice his comfort.

Owing to a threatened prosecution on the part of the Theatrical Managers' Association, the directors of the Tivoli are obliged to withdraw Mrs. Heron-Maxwell's dramatic sketch, "The Moon-Spell," at the end of the third week of its production. It was written specially for the Pilgrimage to play at the Tivoli, and has been most successful.

Many people have compared the Underground to Hades, and it appears that much of Sir Lewis Morris's "Epic of Hades" was actually written there. "I recall," he says, in the "Book Monthly," with distinct pleasure the cheap note-book and pencil, and the writing illegibly at express speed, as the lines rushed out headlong; and the nods and winks of the young City clerks who thought their fellow-traveller crazy, while he was basking in the sun of Hellenic skies, though far from deep in the grime and smoke of our dear London.

Sir Lewis says he has done with poetry. He does not wish to write "embers," as someone called Tennyson's later poems.

Of Tennyson, by the way, Sir Lewis tells an amusing story. He was present once at Lewis's house when Tennyson gave a reading of "Maud." On that occasion a very eminent oculist, noticing that he wore two pairs of spectacles one over the other, ventured to observe that he feared his sight was not perfect. Tennyson answered, in gruff Johnsonian tones, "I see perfectly well, sir, and, if I did not, I know where to get advice."

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.
Powerscourt, Lord and Lady Leicester, Lord and Lady Lichfield, Lady Elphinstone and Lord Elphinstone, Winifred, Lady Leitrim, Lord and Lady Clanwilliam, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Ancaster, and Lord and Lady Tullibardine.

Mr. Claude Lowther, who now seems much to the fore, has played many parts in life. He belongs to a gifted family, is the son of Captain Francis Lowther, and the brother of Miss Aimée and Miss Toupie Lowther. He began his career under the care of the celebrated Miss Charlotte at Hastings, and then proceeded to Rugby. Thence, in due course, he drifted by easy stages into the diplomatic service, and was attached at Paris and Madrid. He served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War, and acted as A.D.C. to Sir Charles Warren, who recommended him for his V.C. Later on he became M.P. for the Eskdale Division of Cumberland, and contrived to make his voice heard in the arena of the House of Commons. He is good-looking, a smart man about town, a cousin of Lord Lonsdale, and a playwright. He produced a drama called "The Gordian Knot," which some wicked wag misnamed "The Claudian Rot."

The wedding of Mr. W. J. Bull and Miss Lilian Brandon, which took place yesterday at St. Peter's, Hammersmith, was of especial interest to the district. The bride's family are well-known residents of Hammersmith, and the bridegroom is its Parliamentary representative. A prettily-decorated church formed a fitting background for the charming bride and her seven bridesmaids. The wedding gown of white crepe de Chine and old Brussels lace was much admired. Five of the bridesmaids were children, and sixty girls from the St. Peter's girls' and infants' schools acted as maids of honour. Mr. Jocelyn Brandon, L.C.C., gave his sister away, and Mr. Bull was supported by Surgeon C. S. Kelsall, R.N., as best man. The honeymoon will be spent at Torquay. Literature and politics, as well as society, were well represented by the guests, the invited including Major Evans-Gordon and Julia Lady Tweeddale, Lord and Lady Monkswell, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Leicester Harmsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shorter, and Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill. The bride's going-away dress was of white cloth, with pale blue picture hat and handsome sables.



Photo by SIR OLIVER LODGE. (Kays.) Who delivered the lecture on Radium at Birmingham last night.—See Page

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. TO-DAY, at 5, and TO-NIGHT, at 8. Preceded at 4.15 by *SIXERS OF NIGHT*. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS. By David Belasco and John Luther Long. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MONSIEUR BEAUCREUR. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.15. IMPERIAL, Westminster.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S. Mr. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of *OLD HEIDELBERG* will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford street by London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

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BIRTHS.

BALFOUR.—On Jan. 2, at Stagden House, Bournemouth, the wife of Kenneth H. Balfour, M.P., of a son.

BENIAM.—On the 4th inst., at "Benilton," New Malden, the wife of Arthur Beniam, of a son.

DAY.—On Jan. 1, at Becketts, Chiddington, Kent, the wife of E. Courtney Day, of a daughter.

HANDCOCK.—On the 3rd inst., at Little Bowden, Market Harborough, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles John Handcock, a son.

LAKING.—On the 3rd inst., at St. James's Palace, the wife of Guy Francis Laking, of a son.

VAN LENSSE.—On Jan. 3, at 5, Holland-park, W., Ella, wife of Cyril Van Lennep, of a daughter.

WEST.—On Jan. 2, 1904, at Chavellers Lodge, Clapham Park, the wife of Arthur John West, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

FORDS-EVANS.—On the 1st inst., at Edglaston Parish Church, by the Rev. L. H. Evans, vicar of Rhayader, Radnorshire, and the Rev. Canon Mansfield Owen, vicar of the parish, James Edwin, only son of the late Rev. William Forbes, of Edinburgh, to Gwendolen, elder daughter of the late George Harrison Evans, M.B.E., F.R.C.S., and of Mrs. F. Sidney Goodwin, of Oakhurst, Edglaston.

MERRY-ROSE.—On the 2nd inst., at St. James's Church, Adwiccombe, Croydon, Henry Joseph, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Terry, of "The Ferns," Perry-hill, London, S.E., to Annette, youngest daughter of the late Joshua J. Rose, of London and New York. American papers, please copy.

WEBBER-MAGNAC.—On Dec. 31, at St. Barnabas's, Finsbury, by the Rev. and Hon. Alfred Hamlyn Tracy, vicar of the parish, Major R. S. Webber, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, son of Major-General Webber, C.B., retired R.E., to Miss Amy Geraldine, youngest daughter of the late Charles Magnac, Esq., M.P., and of the late Hon. Mrs. Magnac.

DEATHS.

ALSTON.—On the 2nd inst., at River House, Godstone, Surrey, Lilian Frances, daughter, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Albert Alston, D.D., aged 44 years.

BELMORE.—On the 3rd inst., at 95, Eaton-place, Emily Louise, widow of Armar, third Earl of Belmore, in her 90th year.

FYNES-CLINTON.—On Saturday, Jan. 2, 1904, at Holmleigh, Lewes, Katherine Octavia, seventh and last surviving daughter of the late Henry Fynes-Clinton, in her 70th year. No flowers.

HALL.—On Dec. 29, 1903, at The Cottage, Dorking, Martha Hall (formerly of Bath, and Watford, Herts), aged 85.

LAWRENCE.—On Jan. 2, 1904, at Lathbury Rectory, Kent, Thomas Lawrence, formerly of Berwick Ponds, Rainham, Essex, aged 81.

SWATMAN.—On Jan. 4, at Clovelly, Ashford, Maria, widow of George Swatman, aged 80.

WAKELING.—On the 3rd inst., at Sumburgh Lodge, Thurleigh-road, Bialham, Eliza, widow of George Wakeling, aged 85.

WHISTSTONE.—On the 3rd inst., at his residence, Shirley Lodge, Knightsbridge, Leicester, Walter Whiststone, in his 81st year.

WILSON.—On Jan. 2, at 21, Argyll-road, Kensington, Colonel Arthur Robert Wilson, late Bombay Staff Corps, aged 75 years.

NOTICES TO READERS.

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The Daily Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Short-Sighted Statecraft.

The longer the delay in the negotiations between Japan and Russia lasts, the less certain does the man in the street feel that there will be war. And yet nearly all wars are preceded by these long-drawn-out exchanges of view between the parties chiefly concerned, other parties perhaps taking part in them with the aim of keeping the peace.

This time the rivals are left pretty much alone. The rumours of outside intervention may safely be disregarded. All that Japan wants is a definite answer from Russia on certain definite points. Clearly she has not got this yet, though she may have had an answer designed to put off time.

While we are naturally inclined to sympathise with Japan, we must not forget that, if our statesmen had had the sense and the courage to back Japan up at the right moment, no war would be at present in prospect. At the close of the Chino-Japanese duel Japan held the key to the territory which is now in dispute. Russia, France, and Germany ousted her from it. Britain took no step. If we had allied ourselves with Japan then, the situation would have been very different to-day. The three Powers would hardly have gone to war, for their interests were by no means identical. The Russian occupation of Manchuria would have been impossible. What happened was that we stood by and declined to help Japan at this crisis, and then made an alliance with her later on, when the mischief had been done. That mischief may yet drag us into war. If it should, the responsibility will rest upon the British statesmen who took such a short view in 1895.

THE CRICKET VICTORY.

In these rather gloomy days good news has a double value, and it is pleasant to be able to contemplate some simple, direct achievement, even though it be only the winning of a cricket match, about which we can be wholly enthusiastic. The second test match in Australia has ended in a brilliant victory for England. The condition of the wicket in the later innings made it, on the whole, a bowler's match, the conspicuous feature of which was the bowling of Rhodes, who took no fewer than fifteen wickets in the course of the match. The weather assisted considerably in bringing about this triumphant issue, as it was exactly the condition to produce a wicket of the kind upon which Rhodes is irresistible. His remarkable performance in taking seven wickets for thirty-nine runs is a sufficient instance of this. It is interesting to note, also, that Mr. Warner, whose play has been a good

deal criticised, made the third highest score in the match, being only beaten by Trumper's seventy-four and Tyldesley's ninety-seven.

It would, of course, be easy to say that the weather gave England her victory, and that when she won the toss she had already won the match; but it would not really be true. Undoubtedly, with a dry wicket, the Australians would have given a much better account of themselves, and considerably diminished our margin of 185 runs. Even had the chief scorers in the English team made no more in the first innings than they made in the second, there would still have been something in hand; so that we may still congratulate ourselves. The best batting performance of the match was, of course, Tyldesley's ninety-seven, which, considering the dangerous wicket, can only be described as brilliant. On the whole, therefore, it is pleasant to contemplate this victory; pleasant to think that somewhere in the world, even though it be at the Antipodes, people are playing cricket in sunshine and warm weather; and pleasant to hope that if we have the luck in the next match England may win the rubber.

THE PASSING OF THE HOOLIGAN.

It is interesting to note that Mr. W. R. McConnell, K.C., in opening the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, commented on the decline of hooliganism. The recent reign of terror that hooliganism established seems to have declined, and offences against persons have diminished very considerably.

There are two causes to which one might attribute the desirable change, each of which has perhaps had some share in effecting it. One cause is the mysterious fashions which govern even crime, and which make various kinds of murders, suicides, and outrages run in cycles. There was a craze for "disappearances" a little while ago; though just at present these seem to be more fashionable than any other. But another cause is probably the very sensible change in the prison treatment of the younger class of criminals who swelled the hooligan ranks. By milder and more humane methods our prisons are thus accomplishing real reformatory work, and, with this class of criminal especially, are curing instead of merely punishing crime.

WHY NOT?

A correspondent has been writing to the "Standard" protesting against the applause of the audience at a recent performance of the "Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall. The writer deplores the absence of what he describes as "reverent behaviour."

Why anyone should be expected to be reverent in the Albert Hall we do not know. It is not a sacred building, nor is the "Messiah" a devotional work. It was written by one of the most light-hearted and least spiritual of composers, and most of the admirable music is no more essentially devotional than are the luscious and sentimental strains which Gounod was so fond of setting to sacred words.

If the "Messiah" be performed in a Cathedral it certainly should not be applauded; and if Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" were performed in a music-hall applause would be equally unbecoming—in the first instance because the place, and in the second instance because the music would make applause out of the question. But if music, not performed in a sacred building, makes people want to clap their hands and stamp their feet, there is no reason on earth why they should not do so.

PRECAUTIONS WITH PINS.

We have had, says our Paris correspondent, l'Affaire Dreyfus, l'Affaire Humbert, and the Fashoda period, in which a policy of pin-pricks was apparent, and now Paris is interested in a pin-prick question in which no politics are playing any part at all.

At a special meeting of the Conseil Municipal the question of the fallen pins in dress-making establishments has been raised. It was pointed out that no instrument or apparatus had yet been invented for the purpose of picking up fallen pins, and that picking them up with the fingers might often be dangerous. The question occupied a full session of the Conseil, for the welfare of the Paris work-girl is very dear to the hearts of the City Fathers, and it is probable that in a week or two a prize will be offered by the town for the invention of a pin-lifter.

The Social Shark.

MONEY-MAKING FEVER WHICH HAS SEIZED UPON ALL CLASSES.

"If my opinion were asked—which, of course, it is not," said Aunt Julia, severely, "as to what was the mania of the hour, I should say it was mendacity, unblushing mendacity. Whether for oneself or for a so-called good object makes but little difference in my eyes; an all-prevailing passion to wrench money out of somebody or something rages, positively rages, in society."

"Too true," complained Beatrice. "During my autumn round of visits I have only escaped bankruptcy from the rapacity of my fellow guests by unwavering firmness. For instance, a girl was painting fire-screens, and I injudiciously admired them. 'Four and six each; how many would you like?' said the damsel, promptly producing a notebook to take an order. 'None,' said I, but soft-hearted (? headed) Jenny Stephens went away with her purse half empty, and her box half full of them."

"I thought I might safely commend the Kirkes' garden, but I got a shock when one of the sisters at once announced that she sold flowers and bulbs for the benefit of some charity. After that I admired nothing for three weeks, when I relapsed over a singularly hideous pincushion made by my hostess's little daughter. 'You may have it for half a crown,' was the child's reply; 'I belong to the Band of Young Ladies, and I collect money for the hospital than any other girl of my age I shall present the purse to the Princess, and have my portrait put in the 'Ladies' Victorian Magazine.'"

"I should have shaken the dust of that house off my feet," was Aunt Julia's stern comment.

"I would rather have shaken the youthful shark," said Beatrice.

The Snowball Curse.

"Well, I am sure I shall never forget what I went through with the coupon scheme," sighed Priscilla. "I doubt if I can explain it clearly, but your friends came up to you with an air of mystery, drew you aside, and asked if you would like to have a twenty-shilling silk petticoat for one shilling, and, of course, you said you would, and they said it was quite simple. You bought a shilling coupon from them and sent it somewhere, and bought four more shilling coupons, and then you had to seek for four more fools to buy them of you in order to get coupons for themselves."

"Stop," exclaimed her precise cousin; "how many is that?"

"I am sure I don't know. Everyone worked it out differently in numbers varying from sixteen to sixty-four. The problem disturbed the peace of families; people used to argue fiercely all dinner-time, scoring marks on their shirt-cuffs. I received showers of letters imploring me to take coupons from almost everyone I had ever seen or heard of, but I held out bravely until attacked by my dearest friend. I took one to please her, but, happily, I lost it; and now she won't speak to me, because, she says, I broke the chain at the other end of which was depending the petticoat, or the parasol, or the hat, or whatever it was she wanted."

What Is It?

"Now it is puzzle-pictures, I think," remarked Aunt Julia; "they positively poison my social existence. I called on my cousin the other day expecting to have a pleasant chat with her, and I was both annoyed and concerned at her distrait manner. When she had asked me the same question three times over I could bear it no longer. 'Maria,' I said, 'what is it? Something is on your mind. We have known each other from childhood—confide in me.' 'Oh, it is only this,' she said wearily, producing a sheaf of tumbled papers. 'These pictures are meant for stations, and if I guess them all I get five pounds a week for life. What station is signified by a broken pie-dish and a pigstye? Really, Maria, at your age this is ridiculous,' I said. 'Leave conundrums for the young people at Christmas.'"

"I dined out, and before the first course was removed my neighbour asked me eagerly, 'What do you think a derailed truck means?' 'A dangerous accident, if not removed,' I naturally replied. He looked very rude things at me, and then condescended to clarify his question by informing me that he, a poor Foreign Office clerk, wished to improve his fortunes by gaining the thousand pounds promised to the man who could discover a hundred cryptically concealed names of famous naval and military commanders."

No Rigour of the Game.

"Even Bridge is not safe from this curse. Two days ago, just as I was dealing, one of my adversaries exclaimed, 'What lover in English poetry begins with an A and ends in E?' If I find out sixty acrostics, I shall win a gold bangle," I silenced her by saying that I never combined cards with acrostics; but the mischief was done. My mind, once thrown off its tracks, so to speak, takes some time to get on to them again; by mistake I made no trumps, and the consequences were disastrous."

"This state of things has become intolerable," concluded Aunt Julia. "Take notice, young people; if any nephew or niece of mine succumbs to the mendacity mania, I cut off the offender with a shilling."



AT A BREATHING COLLEGE.

OCEAN AIR BROUGHT TO LONDON
DRAWING-ROOMS.

Nobody breathes properly! At least, that is what the handsome, square-shouldered professor of the Breathing Institute, 12, Marble Arch, London, says.

There the nurses and instructors not only teach one to breathe correctly, but, what is even more to the point, provide pure air for one to inhale as well. The place is as unlike any other so-called institute where breathing gymnastics are taught as it is possible to imagine.

There are no exercisers screwed to white-washed walls, no dumbbells—in fact, nothing that one usually expects to see in an establishment which claims to develop the chest. Instead one is ushered into a spacious hall, and a footman bows one into a splendidly furnished drawing-room.

The Breathing Cabinet.

Art-paper adorns the walls. The carpet must be a costly one. There is a little mahogany table here, a lounge settee yonder, whilst a great carved cabinet looks very imposing in a corner. Palms are placed everywhere—the place, in fact, is a dream of luxury, combined with exquisite taste. Such is the Breathing Cabinet.

No sport and no general gymnastics are practised in this department, and the proceedings there are taken with a view to bracing the systems of the weak and sickly, to whom every violent form of exercise would do harm.

First of all the professor seems to take the visitor's "measure" at a glance, asks a few questions on general health, and, according to his diagnosis, prescribes varying forms of treatment.

"Kindly sit anywhere you like," he says, "but remove your hat and coat, please."

A Machine that Makes Ozone.

That done he proceeds to affably chat, at the same time opening a box which shows a mysterious coil under glass. He touches a switch and a slight burring noise is at once heard.

This is an ozone-making machine, the visitor is next informed, and ere another minute has elapsed one commences to inhale—well, one does not quite know what. All at once the air has seemed to become lighter, there is a strong smell of seaweed. Yes, it is undoubtedly briny breezes the little machine is wafting into the room, and as one sniffs it in delightedly there are visions

of cliffs and surf, and the roar of the traffic past Hyde Park gives it a kind of reality, too, if one closes one's eyes. Wonder of won-

breathing from the top of the lungs, the centre of them, and the bottom of them."

So it comes about that the Professor sets the example and the patient imitates him. It is all so easy—no exertion. For instance, you place one hand under one armpit, press it a little to the side and then endeavour to get the other arm over your head. You won't manage it at first, but when you do you will know that this method completely empties one lung of impure air and refills it with ozone.

Exercise and Electricity.

A good exercise for those afflicted with weak backs is to lay down upon a sofa, placing

is guaranteed to quickly bring strength to any particular organ or muscle.

Most chest diseases begin in the apex of the lungs. It is good to know, therefore, that a good exercise is to get a chair, stand with the back towards it, place the toe of one foot upon the chair, and get somebody standing upon it to draw the arms placed above the head backwards a little.

Five minutes of this in a room which is supplied with a percentage of oxygen and ozone, rendering it equal to the finest mountain or sea air, and one gets quite an appetite.

Small wonder is it that people who can afford to pay eight guineas for twenty attendances regularly visit the establishment, and that



THE NEWEST CURE.

Breathing Exercises in a room charged with Artificial Ozone.

ders! Sea air within a minute of a Two-penny Tube station! Marvels will never cease.

"Now," murmurs the Professor, "we will, whilst the ozone is purifying the air of this apartment, just indulge in a few simple bodily exercises to the accompaniment of

the hands down by the sides, and then to sit up without touching the sofa with the hands, bringing the latter so as to touch the toes with the finger-tips. This, in conjunction with an electrical instrument that looks like a glorified telephone receiver, and which is placed over the body outside the clothes,

a glance at the visitors' book reveals the names of many people well known in society.

According to the nature of his patient's complaint the professor varies an ozone atmosphere with those of eucalyptus and pine forests. The institute is entirely devoted to the weak and ailing; no general classes are held, and only single and individual modified treatments are given.

Realising that it is not all of us who can afford the luxury of having sea breezes turned on at will in London, the professor does not mind letting all girls know how they can obtain pretty shoulders, plump necks, and sound lungs free, gratis, and for nothing. It means five minutes of your time every morning.

Just open the bed-room window wide, drop your hands at your sides, close your mouth, take in a long, deep breath. Hold your breath—count four slowly. Then let the breath exhale slowly. Say "B-I-o-o-o-w" as you expel the breath. Repeat the procedure twenty times; then dress and go down to breakfast, and you will be surprised what a big one you will eat.

STUTTERING ON PAPER.

In a well-known private school not far from London a boy has developed a curious mental disorder.

Supposing that he is told to write down "Balbus was building a wall." He writes it thus: "Ba—Bal—Balbu—Balbus wa—was bu—buil—building a wa—wall."

Even in his own name he makes these curious attempts before he gets it down on paper.

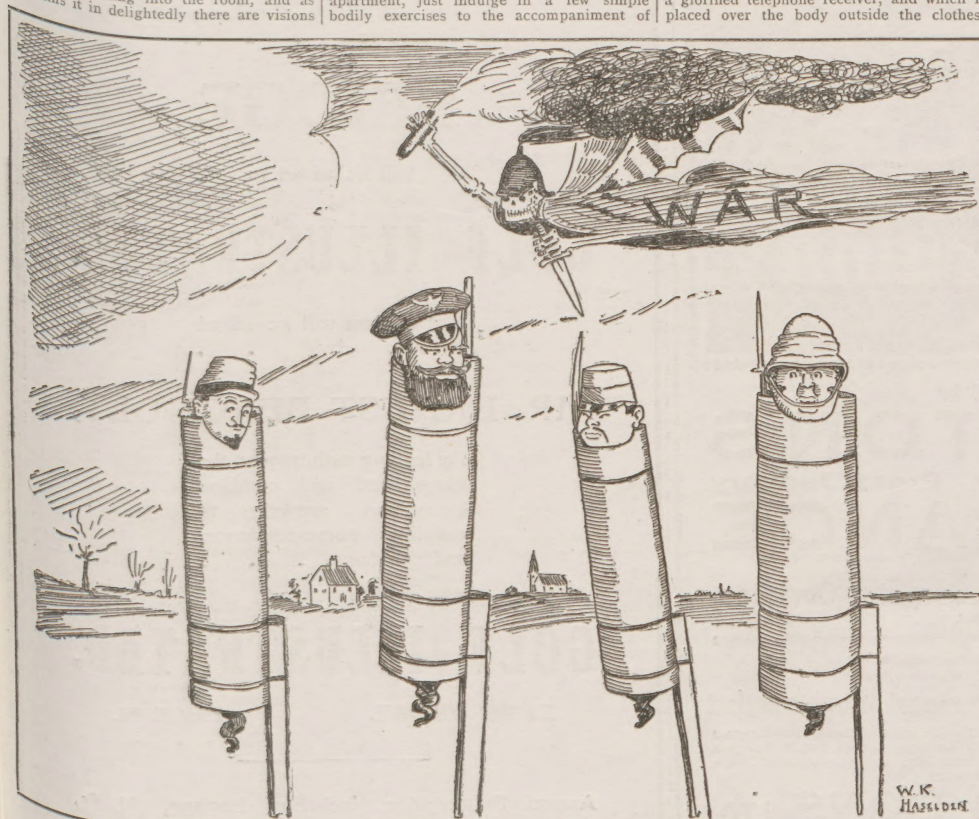
He is not a particularly stupid boy, and he is evidently not able to help "stuttering" in this way. He can speak without any difficulty.

THE "PIRATE" MUST SMILE.

The music "pirate" must rejoice in the inconsistencies of English law. The energetic Musical Copyright Association has been raiding a pirate's lair in the wilds of New Cross, and seized 4,850 copies of non-copyright music and twenty stereotype plates.

Yesterday the Greenwich magistrate was asked to destroy the music and the plates as well. He agreed to the first request; but with regard to the second, plates did not come "within the meaning of the Act."

The law, as thus interpreted, means that you are secure in the possession of means to do ill deeds, but the authorities can be down on you when the ill deeds are done.



ONLY WAITING FOR THE TORCH.

All preparations have now been made for the Great International Firework Display. Some pyrotechnic experts think the rockets are so placed that it will be difficult to fire one without setting them all off.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.
PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.



Twelfth Night Follies.



FANCY DRESS HUMOURS AND OLD TIME CUSTOMS.

The stupendous glories and festivities of Twelfth Night have long since passed away, though the children who to-night attend the fancy dress ball given annually by the Lord and Lady Mayores of London at the Mansion House will hardly allow that this is the case. The occasion is a splendid one. Hundreds and hundreds of youngsters, sometimes close upon a thousand, all clad in fancy garb, some

Children are wonderful actors and actresses, and with the assumption of their fancy dresses fit themselves into the correct characters they require with the utmost ease. The age limits of the little visitors are supposed to be from six to fourteen, but very often a mite whose summers cannot possibly count more than four arrives, and many a "little girl" of eighteen figures in the throng. And who would have the heart to shut the door upon them? Certainly not the chivalrous officials of the Mansion House whose stern duty it might be to interfere.

The average mother is very judicious respecting the choice of toilettes her little ones are to wear. Typical allusions are generally rife. Little Santos Dumonts are there with their airships across their shoulders, and radium is translated into some wonderful form more or less easy to discern. But the sufferings of those bairns whose parents are afflicted with a superfluity of far-fetched originality are acute. Imagine the distress of the small boy doomed to represent a fretful porcupine—unless his temperament be one that causes him to delight in solitude—or the horror of an urchin translated into a spider, who thus forms to his lady-love an object of abhorrence.

There will be plenty of cakes to-night at the Mansion House; that is certain. But will anyone insert lucky beans into them, in memory of the days when Twelfth Night cakes as a matter of course contained them? It was the fashion in olden times for every household to have its cake, and for the person to whose share the bean fell to be king of the day.

There used to be Twelfth Night cakes in all the confectioner's windows then, wreathed about with decorations suitable to the occasion, and in the City of London the most famous display was made at a shop in Cheapside, where

cakes resembling fortresses, castles, and other remarkable objects used to figure, to the great delight of the children of the neighbourhood, whose eyes glistened upon the dainties.

Royalty was wont to observe the festival with immense pomp, thereby rendering homage to the memory of the Magi, those Kings who journeyed to the Holy Babe to offer to Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and these offerings are still made at the altar.

The aristocracy of the land and the universities also kept the day with every sign of fervour, and thus brought to a close the festival of merriment that begun with December 25. Masques were a great feature of the occa-

sion, the remnants of the idea being now celebrated in the form of fancy dress balls.

At Drury-lane Theatre the Twelfth Night cake is still to be found. A comedian named Baddeley left a certain sum of money by will to provide cake and wine for the actors at

Taylor, although he can only lay claim to fifteen years' experience of life, is "a very sharp, competent, little man, who knows his way about town."

What the magistrate learnt about this youth was that he had systematically



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"So sorry, I'm afraid I can't kiss you. I forgot to bring my tin-opener."

of them in beautiful attire, some of them of appearance truly grotesque, but all as merry as can be, assemble at the civic palace and enter the presence of the host and hostess, who, with the Sheriffs, the Macbearers, and all the rest of the imposing official throng, do their best to make the lilliputian company remember that Twelfth Night should be a festival second only to Christmas in importance.

Then follows a superb procession in which each child, all solemnity, plays his or her part in the feast of mimicry, living up to the characters impersonated with splendid effect.



Young Beauty (who has come as a Red Indian) to partner from the country:—"Now can you guess what I am?" Partner:—"A—er—a—Scarecrow."



The Spider: My dance, I believe.

that theatre, and every 6th of January that arrives finds the cake in its place and someone ready to cut and eat it, in obedience to the good man's behests.

It is necessary on this day to remove all the decorations that have embellished the house for Christmas, and to burn them, lest evil befall the family. In pagan times sacrificial fires were significant of all festivals, and to that fact is traceable the mandate laid upon all good housewives, who, in deference to the principles of modern hygiene as well as ancient precept, will no doubt be delighted to rid their abodes of the holly, mistletoe, and greenery of all sorts in which they have lately been embowered.

IBSEN'S EARLY TRIALS.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist, has a very practical knowledge of the stage, for, over fifty years ago, he acted as theatrical manager to the first Norwegian theatrical company.

Severe economy was necessary in those early days. The "Fortnightly Review" tells the story of an elderly actress who had lost one of her teeth and whose elocution suffered in consequence. It was no easy matter in those days, especially in Norway, to have the loss made good, but the theatre management came nobly to the rescue and bore the expense of the necessary dentistry. On her retirement two years later she was obliged to leave her tooth behind her, for it was the property of the theatre.

What must have been Ibsen's feelings at some of the accidents which are inevitable under the primitive conditions?

On one occasion an actor who was playing the part of an emperor had to cast aside his cloak and reveal the jewels and orders glittering on his breast. Unfortunately the hooks of the cloak refused to come undone. After a short struggle he heroically seized the cloak by the hem and lifted it like an upturned smock frock over his head, which was lost in the folds. Then from the depths came a muffled voice, "Say, know ye now the Roman Empire's lord?" Poor Ibsen!

But he is not the only dramatist who has suffered such tribulations.

KNOWS HIS WAY ABOUT TOWN.

Mr. Paul Taylor, the Southwark magistrate, has no doubt that his namesake, James

travelled on the Waterloo and City Railway without a ticket for the past six months, by representing that he had a season ticket at home and that his name was F. Huggins. As long as he said this he was allowed to pass unchallenged, as there was a season ticket holder of that name, but inadvertently the other day he gave the name of "James" Huggins.

He was then taxed with the offence, and admitted that he had no ticket. He has now had to pay £2 6s. in fines, and £1 10s. in costs.

FLEA THAT DID NOT AVOID.

The plea of a French governess, Elizabeth Linart, at the Westminster Police Court yesterday, that she stole certain articles from the Army and Navy Stores without pre-



Kind Hostess: "Don't cry, little boy: turn round and let me see your pretty face."

meditation, did not save her from punishment for her crime. Mr. Rose, the magistrate, said he could not accept the plea of well-dressed people that thefts were not intended. It was not like the sadder temptation of a hungry man in the street, and the prisoner must undergo two months' hard labour.



Double Harness

By Anthony Hope

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: Sibylla's husband.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother;
a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued).

They were thus, Sibylla and the child, locked together, the young man dimly picturing the truth as he watched, when Grantley Imason came in. A start ran through Sibylla; she caught a last kiss from the little face, and then laid her baby down. Swiftly she turned round to her husband. Blake had risen, watching still—nay, more eagerly. For all he could do, his eyes sought her face and rested there, trying to trace what feeling found expression as she turned to her husband from her child.

"Glad to see you, Blake. Ah, you've got the little chap there!"

He chuckled the child under its chin, as he went by, gently and affectionately, and came with outstretched hand to his friend—for he liked sunny, impetuous young Blake, though he thought very lightly of him. As they shook hands Blake's eyes travelled past him, and dwelt again on Sibylla. She stood by her child, and her regard was on her husband. Then, for a moment, she met Blake's inquiring gaze. The slightest smile came on her lips, just a touch of colour in her cheeks.

"Yes, but it's time for him to go upstairs," she said.

Grantley had passed on to the table, and was pouring himself out a cup of tea. Sibylla walked across the room and rang the bell for the baby's nurse. Blake took up his hat.

The spell was broken. What had it been and why was it dispelled? Blake did not know, but turgid feelings mingled with his aspirations now, and he looked at Grantley Imason with a new covert hostility.

CHAPTER IX.

A Successful Mission.

EFFORTS were on foot to avert the scandal and public disaster which so eminently threatened the Courtlands. Grantley Imason, who had a real friendship for Tom, interested himself in them. Not merely the home was in danger, but Tom's position and career, also Tom's solvency. He had always lived up to his income; now, without doubt, he was spending sums far beyond it; and, as has been seen, the precautions which he had declared he would use were falling into neglect as the sense of hopelessness grew upon his mind. From such neglect to blank effrontery and defiance looked as though it would be but a short step. And he refused obstinately to make any advances to his wife; he would not hear of suing for peace.

"My dear fellow, think of the children!" Grantley urged.

Poor Tom often thought of the children, and often tried not to. He knew very well where he was going and what his going there must mean to them. It would mean to them a life-long grief and shame. Yet he held on his way, obstinately assuring himself that the fault for which they must suffer was not his.

"I do think of them, but— It was past bearing, Grantley."

"I think you must have given her a real fright by now. Perhaps she'll be more amenable."

"Harriet amenable! Good God!"

"Look here, if she can be got to express regret and hold out the olive branch, you know, will you drop all this, and give the thing one more trial?"

It was a favourable moment for the request, since Tom happened to be cross with his pleasures, too—they were so very expensive. He allowed himself to be persuaded to say yes.

But who was to bear Lady Harriet in her den? There was no eagerness to undertake the task; yet everybody agreed that a personal interview was the only chance. Grantley fairly "funked it," and honestly said so. Raymore's nerves were still so upset that his excuses were accepted—it was morally certain that Harriet, if she became angry, would taunt him about his boy. Selford? That was absurd. And it was not a woman's work. The lot fell on John Fanshaw—John, with his business

sense prestige and high reputation for common sense. And Lady Harriet liked him best of them all. The choice was felt to be excellent by everyone—except John himself.

"Haven't I enough worries of my own?" he demanded. "Why the devil am I to take on Tom Courtland's, too?"

"Oh, do try! It can't hurt you if she does fly into a passion, John."

He grumbled a great deal more; and Christine, in an unusually chastened mood, performed the wifely function of meeting his grumbles with mingled consolation and praise.

"Well, I'll go on Sunday," he said at last, and added, with a look across the table: "Perhaps some of my own troubles will be off my mind by then."

Christine flushed a little.

"Oh, I hope so," she said, rather forlornly.

"I do hope so!" he declared, emphatically.

"I build great hopes on it. It is to-day you're going, isn't it?"

"Yes, to-day. After lunch I said I'd come."

"Did he write back cordially?"

"Well, what could the poor man do, John?"

"Ha, ha! Well, I suppose a fellow generally does answer cordially when a pretty woman proposes to call on him. Ha, ha!"

John's hopes made him merry and jovial. "I say, I shall get back as early as I can from the City, and try to be here in time to welcome you. And if it's gone all right, why—"

"Don't let yourself be too sure."

"No, I won't. Oh, no, I won't do that!"

But it was not hard to see how entirely he built all his trust on this last remaining chance. He rose from the breakfast-table.

"All right. To-day's Thursday. I'll go to Lady Harriet on Sunday. Not much harm can happen in three days. Good-bye, old girl, and—good luck!"

Christine suffered his kiss—a ceremonial not usual in their daily parting in the morning. When he had gone, she sat on a long while behind the tea-things at the breakfast-table, deep in thought, trying to picture the work of the day which lay before her. It was extraordinarily hateful to her, and she had hardly been able to endure John's jocularity and his talk about pretty women coming to call.

Because there had once been some talk, she had told Caylesham that she would bring a friend with her, naming Anna Selford. Anna would go in with her, and wait in another room while they had their meeting. Caylesham thought this rather superfluous, but had no objection to make. He could not form any idea why she was coming, until it occurred to him that perhaps he had a few letters of hers somewhere, and that women were apt to get frights about letters, picturing sudden deaths, and not remembering that a wise man chooses a discreet executor. With this notion in his head he hunted about, and did find two or three letters. But they were quite harmless; in order to see this he read them through, and then laid them down with a smile. After a few moments of reflection he put them into an envelope, sealed them up, and placed them on the table by him ready for Christine.

He was a man of forty-five, and he looked it. But he was tall, thin, well set-up, and always exceedingly well turned-out. Beyond his rank and his riches, his only fame lay in sporting circles. He and John Fanshaw had first made acquaintance over horses, and he still went in for racing on a considerable scale. He was unmarried, and likely to remain so. There was a nephew to inherit; and he had pleased himself so much that he found it hard to please himself any more now. And he had, unlike Walter Blake, no aspirations. He had a code of morals, and a very strict one, so far as it went; but it was not co-extensive with more generally recognised codes.

Directly Christine came in, he noticed how pretty and dainty and young she looked; she, at least, pleased him still. He greeted her with great cordiality and with no embarrassment, and made her sit down in a chair by the fire. She was a little pale, but he did not observe that; what he noted—and noted with a touch of amusement—was that she met his eyes as seldom as possible.

"I really couldn't think to what I owed this pleasure," he began.

But she interrupted him.

"You couldn't possibly have guessed. I've got to tell you that."

"It's not these?"

He held up the letters in their envelope.

"What are they?"

"Only two or three notes of yours—all I've got, I think."

"Notes of mine? Oh, put them in the fire! It wasn't that."

"I suppose we may as well put them in the fire," he agreed.

As the fire burnt up the letters, Christine looked at the fire and said:

"John has sent me here."

"John sent you here?"

He was surprised, and again perhaps a trifle amused.

"You don't suppose I should have come of my own accord?"

"Oh, don't say that! We're always friends, always friends. But suppose you do insist on 'hating' to come—well, why have you come?"

She looked at him now.

"I couldn't help it. I refused at first, but I—I had no reason to give if I'd gone on refusing. He'd have—suspected."

"Ah!"

The explanation drew an understanding nod from him.

"So I came. He's sent me to borrow money from you."

"To borrow money? What, is John—?"

"Yes, he's in great difficulties. He wants a lot of money at once."

"But why didn't he come himself? It's rather odd to—"

"I suppose he hated it, too. He has done it once. I mean, he's been to Grantley Imason. And—and he thought—you'd be more likely to do it if I asked."

"Did he? Does that mean—?"

"No, no, not in the least. He only thought you were—that you liked pretty women."

She held out a piece of paper. "He's put it all down there. I think I'd better give it to you. It says what he wants, and when he must have it, and how he'll pay it back. I promised to tell you all that, but you'd better read it for yourself."

He took the paper from her and studied it. She looked round the room, which she had known very well. It was quite unchanged.

Then she watched him while he read. He had grown older, but he had not lost his attractiveness. For a moment or two she forgot the present state of things.

"Fifteen thousand! It's a bit of money!"

This remark recalled Christine's thoughts.

"Has Imason lent him that?"

"Yes, on the same terms that he suggests there."

"Well, Imason's a good fellow, but he's a banker, and—well, I should think he expects to get it back. I say, John's been having a bit of a plunge, eh? Consequently he's in deep water now? Is he very much cut up?"

"Terribly! It means ruin, and the loss of his reputation, and—oh, I don't know what besides!"

"Poor old John! He's a good chap, isn't he?"

She made no answer to that, and he muttered:

"Fifteen thousand?"

"Frank," she said, "I've done what I had to do, what I promised to. I've shown you the paper; I've told you how much this money means to us; I've told you it means avoiding ruin and bankruptcy and all that disgrace. That's what John made me promise to tell you, and it's all I have to tell you from him. I've done what I said I would on his behalf."

"Yes, yes, that's all right. Don't distress yourself, Christine. I just want to have another look at this paper, and to think it over a little. It is a goodish bit of money, you know. But then old John's always been a good friend of mine, and if times weren't so uncommon bad—"

He wrinkled his brow over the paper again.

"And now I have to speak on my own account. Frank, you must find some good, some plausible, reason for refusing. You mustn't lend John the money."

"Hallo?"

He looked up from the paper in great surprise.

"You see, John doesn't know the truth," she answered.

He rose and stood by the fire, looking down on her thoughtfully.

"No, of course he doesn't, or—or you wouldn't be here," he said, after a pause.

Then he fell into thought again.

"And if he did know, he'd never ask you for the money," she said.

Caylesham made a wry little grimace. That might be true of John, but he would hesitate to say the same about every fellow. Christine, however, did not see the grimace.

"And you don't want me to lend it—not though it means all this to John?"

"I don't want you to lend it, whatever it means. Pray don't lend it, Frank!"

"Is that— Well, I don't quite know how to put it. I mean, is that on John's account or on your own?"

"I can't give you reasons; I can't put them in words. It's just terribly hateful to me."

He was puzzled by the point of view, and still more by finding it in her. Perhaps the last six months had made a difference in her way of looking at things; they had made none in his.

"And if I do as you wish, what are you going to say to John? Are you going to say 'him that in the end you told me not to lend the money'?"

"Of course not! I shall say that you said you couldn't; you'll have to give me the reasons."

He looked discontented.

"I'll look rather shabby," he suggested.

"Oh, no! It's a large sum. It would be quite likely that it wouldn't be convenient to you."

"Is he expecting to get it?"

"I don't think that has anything to do with it."

"I suppose—well, drowning men catch at straws."

She smiled dolefully.

The phrase was unlucky for her purpose. It stirred Caylesham's pity.

"Poor old John!" he murmured again.

"What! he'd do it if he doesn't get it?"

"I don't know—I told you I didn't know."

He was puzzled still. He could not get down to the root of her objection; and she could not, or would not, put it plainly to him. She could not express the aspect of the affair that was, as she said, so terribly hateful to her. But it was there. All she had given she had given long ago—given freely long ago. Now was she not asking a price for it—

and a price which her husband was to share? Only on that ground really was she there. For now the man loved her no more; there was no glamour and no screen. After all these years she came back and asked a price—a price John was to share and to share unknowingly.

But the case did not strike Caylesham at all like this. John suspected nothing, or John would not have sent his wife there. John had been a very good friend, he would like to do John a good turn. In his case the very circumstances which so revolted Christine made him more inclined to do John a good turn.

Although he could not pretend that the affair had ever made him uncomfortable, still, its existence in the past helped John's cause with him now.

"You're not a very trustworthy ambassador," he said, smiling. "I don't think you're playing fair with John, you know."

"Why, do you—you expect me to?" she asked, bitterly.

He shrugged his shoulders in a discreet silence, seeing the threatened opening of a sort of discussion that was always painful and useless.

"John will take failure and all that devilish hard."

He took up the paper again and looked at it. He knew the business was a very good one; after such a warning as this a man would surely go steady; and Grantley Imason had lent money. He built a good deal on that. And—yes—in the end he was ready to run a risk, being a good-natured man and fond of John, and feeling that it would be a very becoming thing in him to do a service to John.

"Look here! I shall attend to your official message. I shan't take any notice of these private communications," he said lightly, but kindly, almost affectionately. "And you mustn't feel that sort of way about it. Why, I've got a right to help you, anyhow; and I can't see why I mustn't help John."

He went to the table and wrote. He came back to her holding a cheque in his hand.

"Here it is," he said. "John will send me a letter embodying the business side. I've post-dated the cheque four days, because I must see my bankers about it. Oh, it's not inconvenient; only needs a few days' notice—and it'll be in time for what John wants. Here, take it, Christine."

He pressed the cheque into her hands, and with a playful show of force shut her fingers upon it.

"I know this has been a—a—" He looked round the room, seeming to seek an apt form of expression. "This has been an uncomfortable job for you, but you really mustn't look at it like that, you know."

"If you give it me, I must take it. I daren't accept the responsibility of refusing it."

He was quite eager to comfort her.

"You're doing quite right. You were perfectly square with me; now you're being perfectly square with John."

Perfectly square with John. Christine's lips curved in a smile of scorn. But—well, sometimes one loses the right or the power to be perfectly square.

"And I'm downright glad to help—downright glad you came to me."

"I only came because I couldn't help it."

"Then I'm downright glad you couldn't help it."

She had loved this unalterable good temper of his, and admired the careful way he had of humouring women. If they wouldn't have it in one way, he had always been quite ready to offer it to them in the other, so long as they took it in the end; and this they generally did. She rose to her feet, holding the cheque in her hand.

"Your purse, perhaps?" he suggested, laughing. "You see, it might puzzle your young friend. And give old John my remembrances—and good luck to him. Are you going now?"

"Yes, Frank, I'm going now."

"Good-bye, Christine. I often think of you, you know. I often remember. Ah! I see I mustn't often remember. Well, you're right, I suppose. But I'm always your friend. Don't be in any trouble without letting me know."

"I shall never come to you again."

He grew a little impatient at that, but still he was quite good-natured about it.

"What's the use of brooding?" he asked. "I mean, if you're going all straight now, it's no good being remorseful and that sort of thing; it just wears you out. It would make you look odd, if anything could. But I don't believe anything could, you know."

She gave him her hand. Her lips trembled, but she smiled at him now.

"Good-bye, Frank. If I have any hard thoughts, they won't be about you. You can always—she hesitated a minute—"always disarm criticism, can't you?"

Caylesham stooped and kissed her hand lightly.

"Don't fret, my dear," he said. "You're better than most by a long way. Now take your cheque off to poor old John, and both of you be as jolly as you can."

He pressed her hand cordially and led her to the door. "I'm glad we've settled things all right. Good-bye."

To be continued.

THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STORY "DOUBLE HARNESS" WILL APPEAR ON SATURDAY, "CHANCE, THE JUGGLER," IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.



Modes and Moods.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

THE FATAL PICTURESQUE.

EFFECTS PRODUCED THAT WERE BETTER LEFT ALONE.

FASHION treats us cavalierly, and we offer the retort courteous. Very picturesque are the full-skirted coats of our immediate delight, made of velvet with long pleated ruffles and wide-cuffed sleeves.

The straight revers and enamel buttons recall more or less faithfully the style of the Stuarts, and when we pause to consider the shape of our beaver silver-braided hats, the full skirts, and the elaborate sleeve cuffs of our momentary fancy we can realise that Dorothy Vernon might serve as a model of modern taste which could be framed as a companion picture to the dames of the moment in their newest clothes. On the whole, this is an amazing development and quicker than most, for with fashion *festina lente* is a favourite doctrine.

Cavalier Coats.

It is the same story of the incongruous with these cavalier coats and full skirts. The straight-fronted corset has to a great extent obliterated the effect of broadness under the arms, and has also introduced a degree of flatness below the waist-line in front, but, despite these efforts, no style is so fatal to the still existing exuberance of form as the cavalier coat and the full skirt. Then, again, the straight-fronted corset in its simplicity of endeavour is not beneficial to a waist, for it imparts to its wearer an appearance of being all down alike, back and front—"faults on both sides," as the earnest student of human anatomy has been heard to observe.

There is talk of the revival of the long-pointed bodice cut short on the hips, with the fully-gathered skirt and the puffed sleeves of the Tudor days. Should this take place the straight-fronted corset will have to be banished into the limbo of oblivion. As far as the picturesque style at present goes I have nothing to say but in its praise, always supposing it be suited to the individual it is selected to adorn. Perfectly lovely frocks of very soft satin with huge chiffon frills and monster puff sleeves have been copied from some of the pictures in the Louvre and other galleries on the Continent and in England. To these old lace and furs are indispensable decorations, and there is a comparative simplicity about the make of the skirt.

The picturesque hat is another snare. Many a hard-featured woman, innocent of curls or softening fringes about her brow, chooses for her headgear a huge black felt encircled with black ostrich feathers which

A GALAXY OF BARGAINS.

DESIRABLE PURCHASES TO BE MADE IMMEDIATELY.

My chief resource during the past two days has been wandering through the various sales, taking stock, not only of the things to buy, but of the people who buy them. Sales have a wonderfully humorous side, given only you have time and are also in the mood to perceive the funny side.

Chances in a Great Millinery Centre.

Happily the mood was on me to thoroughly enjoy the spectacle of stout women struggling into sacques several sizes too small for them which immediately became tight-fitting jackets; of determinedly economical mothers rushing undersized children into oversized coats, and salving the last remnant of artistic sense left within them by the argument that

There is, however, happily another side to this story, and one that was borne in upon me with considerable conviction.

AT GAINSBOROUGH'S, 25, HANOVER-SQUARE.

This annual affair is always quite an event with the élite in the world of dress, and Mr. Gainsborough proclaims he has never had more amazing bargains to offer than at present. One looks in vain through the wealth of prizes to be secured here for the familiar note, the most severe scrutiny revealing rather at every turn another and yet another surprise. For it is a matter of honour with a Gainsborough model—no matter whether it comes from Paris or is an individual creation—that it shall be of exclusive quality, and it is no small matter to secure a piece of millinery under these auspices from 6s. 6d., 21s. representing a fair average price. Quite extraordinary value will be found in some wonderfully smart little tweed costumes with leather strappings for golfing, shooting, and country wear generally, at £2 18s. 6d.

Moreover, a really justifiable investment is offered in furs; the yearly increasing advance in price which affects all qualities of peltry enhancing the value of this peculiar opportunity of acquiring a mole or squirrel bolero coat at 68s., with toque and muff en suite, the former at 1 guinea and the latter at half a guinea, a pheasant feather stole, muff and toque, serving to emphasise the individuality which is so striking a characteristic of 25, Hanover-square.

AT LEWIS AND ALLENBY'S.

Here again is excellence and a guarantee of the bargain genuine. The mantle department in particular teems with temptations, for original Paris models are going at half price. Russian pony skin coats at seven and a half guineas and three-quarter fur-lined coats at the almost incredibly modest sum of four and a half guineas may be bought. For



Three hats for the Riviera season.

bridesmaids' dresses, tea-gowns, and dance gowns some portion of 3,000 odd yards of white and ivory soft satin orion is well worth securing at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 11d. a yard. Admirable black foundation silks start at 1s. 3d., and throughout the month, every Friday and Saturday, remnants will be marked down at half the sale prices. An abundance of undreamt-of bargains obtains in the hosiery and glove department, and those whose purse permits the outlay cannot fail to perceive the economy of replenishing their stock of both these items, since kid or suede gloves at 1s. the pair are not by any means an everyday possibility, nor yet spun silk hose at 1s. 11d. Prospective visitors to Cairo and India will find, especially suited to their needs, a few smart foulard gowns, together with linen coats and skirts, while for those meditating the South of France there come some coat and skirt costumes of cream serge or ivory cloth, really eminently desirable possessions, which are offered at less than cost price.

A beautiful Evening Coat, made of an antique Chinese garment.

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

are holding a sale as short as it is sweet. Starting on the 4th, this lasts for fifteen days only, with remnant days—and what days of exquisite joy these always are at Wigmore-street—on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. Where all is so good it is almost impossible to particularise, though the feature of spring coat and skirt costumes, built within the last few weeks, when the pressure of the winter season

are being offered at purely sale prices.

A convincing clearance is always made here of silk petticoats, which, it is pointed out with praiseworthy rectitude, are slightly imperfect or soiled, defects by no manner of means so obvious as the confession would lead one to suppose. Another exceptional offer in this line is found in some thousand rustling silk taffetas underskirts, in a long range of colours at 10s. 9d.

At the ribbon counter one wanders up and down in despair before the chaos of choice. Some extraordinary purchases have been made in this direction, the loveliest chiné and striped ribbon, all of the present season and in an immense variety of design, are disappearing at 1s. a yard; a black taffeta ribbon, the new soft make, going at 10d., and glorious sash width at 1s. 11d.

A VERY TEMPTING TRIO OF HATS.

A charming piece of headgear heads the group of hats shown in the third column, which certainly do not come under the category of the fatally picturesque. The shape is one of blue silk beaver, with a sweep of blue ostrich plume over the left side, shading to white at the tips, and a bow of blue taffetas at one side.

Directly beneath comes a shape of white Tuscan, bearing a deep border of orchidee mauve straw, the brim sweeping quite up at the back, beneath white ostrich feathers, disposed with exquisite elegance in every direction, toning off to palest green, and then mauve.

The remaining model is a beautiful confection of white felt and ermine, a great shaded green and blue bird, with bright scarlet crest, occupying the sole decorative situation.

cries aloud for a pretty and young face beneath it. The most generally becoming of outline tilts up in the front to show the hair, but the exigencies of the immediate fashion give us a choice between the narrow toque worn well over the brows and this model of fatal picturesqueness with a fascination in its every curve.

"the dear child would grow to it." Narrow toques have gone to adorn broad countenances, while small faces I remarked being cheerfully buried beneath chapeaux of extravagant size.

But such bargain-hunters are among those who usually buy not wisely but too well, and are for ever after held up as scarecrows to others, who promise to go and do likewise.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XL.

Continued.

Martia listened in dull amazement, which gave place to resentment. It was ungenerous to mock her, odious to speak those apparently simple words, each one of which planted a thorn in her heart. She murmured something and slipped out of the room; she would not stay and suffer the degradation of that veiled attack.

Hardly had she shut the door than Philip joined her.

"Will you come for a walk?" he asked.
"Certainly."
"Are you ready?"
"Quite. I don't need gloves, and there is no sun."

"We will go towards the rocks."
The mist had not cleared. It was not damp, but it seemed to weigh her down. The sun was trying to pierce it, but had not yet succeeded.

They walked in silence until they were quite clear of the hotel. Then Philip drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She did not know the handwriting; it was written on paper bearing the name of one of the Monte Carlo hotels. It was a boyish, straggling caligraphy. Slackening her steps, she read as she walked:

Dear Captain Chesney,—I cannot refrain from writing to you, to express my heartfelt regret for my unpardonable conduct of last night. I tender you my most humble and abject apologies, and feel that nothing can excuse me in your eyes. I feel that the only satisfaction I can give you is to state that a very slight resemblance misled me for one instant to mistake your wife for another lady. The mistake was made apparent to me, and I apologised for it, perceiving it a moment after it was made. That I repeated it last night, which was an odious and cowardly proceeding that I shall be ashamed of all my life, I can only account for by saying that I was not in my right mind. Should you desire it I will communicate to this effect with the gentlemen who unfortunately overheard my unfounded and ridiculous statement.

I understand, of course, that I can never in the future be anything but a complete stranger to you and to the lady who is your wife, and to whom I tender my humblest apologies and my most respectful homage. If you and she could believe in the sincerity and depth of my contrition, it would be one grain of comfort to one who has merited to the full your anger and contempt.

RALPH BEVERLEY.

When Martia had finished this strange epistle there was a lump in her throat. What a good boy he was! He sent her his respectful homage; that was what appealed to her most. It was nice of him—awfully nice of him. Yet

what he must think of her? It was ridiculous to say that chivalry was dead in the hearts of men. Twice within a very few months the very finest blooms from the knightly garden had been laid at her feet.

She handed back the letter to Philip in silence.

"You see, he's done it," said her husband, in a voice that trembled between resentment and eagerness. "You said he would."

"Done what?"
"Admitted that he had made a mistake."
"Do you believe him?" She flashed a quick glance at him, and saw the colour rise in his face.

"I must," he said huskily; then he cleared his throat, and spoke firmly. "Yes—I do."

But she knew that he lied, knew it by the tone of his voice and his averted eyes, and by the vast unbridged gulf that she felt dividing their minds and hearts. He doubted still, only he had made up his mind to make the best of it and behave like a gentleman. And fierce anger rose up in her, a fierce rebellion. She did not want these paltry pretences, these shifts, this outward harmony that masked an ugly discord; she had always despised the people in her world, the husbands and wives who smiled at each other in public and in private never saw each other from one year's end to the other, unless they met to discuss money or some scandal that threatened to disturb the even tenor of their seemingly harmonious life. She thought such conduct cowardly and immoral; such liberty as they allowed each other was to her the most unholly bondage.

How could she and Philip drag on their days with a canker in the heart of their life, that fair edifice that they had built up out of materials earthly and heavenly, out of passion and sympathy, love and understanding? And yet that was the road he seemed to suggest they should travel—the downward path of pretence and make-believe. It was intolerable. Those who have known the best of it with nothing less. She had feasted with Lucullus, and now he offered her a crust.

"I believe him," said Philip, "and I ask your pardon for what I said last night, and if you will forgive me, we will forget it and start afresh." But there was no vitality in his voice, no faith, no passion, even, only a blind seeking for the easiest road.

Start afresh! How like a man! Start afresh, with love bleeding from a deep wound, and faith lying shattered, and exasperated nerves jangling in hideous discord! Almost she hated him, with the blind, instinctive hatred of a wounded animal. He thought they could start afresh; he thought she could forget, and live beside him, while she knew that he doubted her, live on in hum-drum, common-place manner like hundreds, thousands, deteriorating little by little, slipping down from the ideal, growing stale and wearisome, looking at each other without one gleam of sympathy, exchanging duty kisses without one glad, eager thrill!

Dear Heaven, no! Yes, she almost hated him. He had robbed her of her joy of life. Perhaps her pride had something to do with her mood, rebelling because she found how he could make or mar the world for her.

The truth was that, with all her vast comprehension, she would not understand that he could not help his temperament.

He doubted her; what would have been a meaningless trifle to another man was proof to him. She told herself that jealousy was cruel as the grave, and the coals thereof cooks of fire; but she made no allowances, except in rare moments of almost superhuman insight, when she saw how he suffered, and was moved to pity.

But on this misty morning, as they walked together, there was no pity in her. He had

doubted her, and she made it into a crime, when it was an accident of temperament, for which no doubt he suffered more even than she. In a way she was unreasonable, just as most women—all women, instead of being grateful to a man for the joy he has given them, will hate him, and pillory him with reproach, when he tires, instead of blaming Nature, whose fault it is, smiling, curtsying, and letting him go.

So, for some minutes she made no answer to that dreary proposition that they should start afresh. But, when the silence grew oppressive, she said slowly, with her eyes fixed on the mist-shrouded hills:

"Yes, I suppose we must get along somehow. But just now the outlook is—"

"Hopeless," put in Philip fiercely. "For Heaven's sake, Martia, make allowances! You're generous and big, and not a bit like other women. I—well, I was mad. But let's bury the whole thing together. I can't do it by myself if you bear malice."

"And you must do your part, too," she interrupted almost fiercely. "You mustn't do what you did this morning. It was ungenerous—it was cruel." Her voice broke; she looked abruptly away.

"What on earth do you mean?" He seemed genuinely astonished.

"I mean the way you talked in the pater's room about—about Colonel Joscelyn; when he said he was going to invite him to lunch, you said he'd better do it, and you were doing it to mock me, and—"

She grew incoherent. It was all a nightmare; it seemed as if Paul Joscelyn's name must choke her as it passed her lips.

"Good heavens!" said Philip, "that was for your own sake. Surely you could see that! If Colonel Joscelyn comes to lunch here, well, if by any chance any of those men were to let drop a word or a hint—which isn't in the least bit likely—then, you see, nobody could possibly talk, and the mere idea of—of anything would be simply laughable!"

Her eyes grew suddenly wet. She was a creature of moods at all times; this morning more than ever, as easily swayed as a reed in the wind. He was really generous. It was she who had a dwarfed vision, and a cramped heart, and who could not rise superior to her own grievance and understand that they both had something to forgive.

"You are very good," she murmured.

"Not a bit," said Philip, politely; and he seemed to have recovered his normal habit of reserved good breeding. "Last night we were very dramatic, and we fought with swords and spilled a great deal of blood, and altogether made a great mess of things; and now we see clearer, and we've got to go down on our knees and scrub away the stains. As to the world, nothing has happened that you need trouble a bit about. I shall write to the boy and say that I accept his apology in your name as well as my own, and that a sudden attack of illness—an old wound, or something—prevented my taking any notice of his remark at the time. It is weak, but any excuse will do. I behaved like a blackguard, and I can't get out of that. And there'll be an end of it. You understand, don't you? And, above all, don't let the pater see anything is the matter, or that infernal old fool, Lady Dexter, or her wretched, sharp-tongued beast of a younger daughter."

It was astounding how he could speak of these things calmly, and she could listen, and answer calmly, too.

"Was Baron Stein von Wald with you?"

Philip nodded. "He is going away to-day. He told me so this morning."

"Ah, yes, I forgot," he said so yesterday."

So she was engaging herself to join the vast army of Make Believers. What a recruit; if anybody could know, anybody of a cynical

turn of mind! And suddenly she felt icy cold, and everything began to whirl about her. She was walking close to a wall, and she propped herself up against it.

But Philip had gripped her by the arm; and the touch was so tender, and so strong, and compelling that it thrilled through her, and the deadly faintness passed.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "you're as white as a sheet; you're tired; of course, you must be horribly tired. Look, we're just near that little restaurant place on the Frontier. Can you manage to walk as far? It's only a few yards, and then you can have something to buck you up! Take my arm. There, that's right!"

She could not help leaning on his arm, she was so weak, and every step she thought she must burst into a wild, hysterical cry. But she reached the little restaurant without breaking down, and Philip installed her in a chair in the open air under the trellis roof of palm leaves made to keep out the sun, and ordered some sparkling wine. It was sweet and not very good; but it braced her, and she was able to sit up and talk like a reasonable being.

Philip held out his glass. "Let us drink to the God of Begin Again, whoever he may be!" Then he added in a low, husky voice, "For God's sake, believe me, Martia, I mean it!"

She touched his glass with hers, and drank, nodding silently, for she could not speak. And some malevolent deity, who was certainly not the God of Begin Again, kept their gaze averted, so that each might not see the yearning in the other's eyes.

When she felt strong enough they retraced their steps. But both knew in their hearts that it was not reconciliation, but an armed truce.

It was an odd coincidence that arranged that the day of Patrick Lyle's arrival in Mentone should fall upon the eve of the departure of Lord Clowes and Lady Dexter and her two daughters.

Father Lyle had been staying for a few days with the Bishop of Genoa; and, on Sir John Chesney's urgent invitation, he came to Mentone to stay for a week, by the end of which he would be due in Rome.

He came by sea—on a small and swift paddle steamer, which made bi-weekly voyages between Genoa and Monte Carlo—and arrived at Mentone about five o'clock in the afternoon. Sir John Chesney met him at the station, and together they drove to the Hotel de Paris. They had much to talk about, these two oddly-assorted friends, much news to exchange, many views to air, and plans to make.

Sir John's improved appearance struck Father Lyle at once.

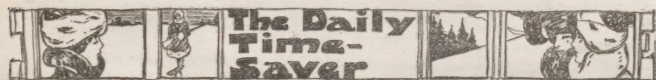
"You look a new man, Chesney," he said. "Ten—nay, twenty, years younger! And you have laid on flesh, and a splendid colour. The Riviera has wrought a miracle."

"I feel much better, physically and mentally," said Sir John, brightly; "but I think it must be attributed more to peace of mind than to Mentone. I am a happy man, Lyle, happier than I have been for many a long day."

see, my boy has come back to me safe and sound. Both my children are with me to fill now, my old friend, have come to fill the cup of my contentment to overflowing. There are many things I want to talk to you about, many questions I want to thrash out together; but then I wait to-day. I have missed you much, Lyle. Come, tell me how the world has been using you. You came by the St. Gothard route, didn't you?"

"Yes, because I wanted to have a look at one or two things in Milan—offer my devotion to my old loves at the Brera."

To be continued.



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish. Brill. Cod. Dorset. Smelts. Halibut. Mullet. Mackerel. Oysters. Shrimps.
Meat. Mutton. Beef. Veal. Pork.
Game and Poultry. Turkeys. Geese. Ducks. Chickens. Rabbits. Pigeons. Wild Duck. Pheasants. Plovers. Teal. Partridges. Grouse. Venison.
Vegetables. Sorrel. Sea-kale. Spinach. French Beans. Celery. Tomatoes. Leeks. Brussels Sprouts. Cauliflowers. Asparagus. Globe and Jerusalem Artichokes.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Californian and English Apples. Medlars. Lychees. Melons. Figs. Oranges. Pineapples. Pomegranates. Grapes. Persimmons. Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table. White Lilac. Orchids. Mimosa. Roses. Arum Lilies. Chrysanthemums. Tinted Oak and Beech Leaves. Plants and Cut Flowers for the House. Spiraea. Cape Gooseberries. Eucalyptus Plant. Anarum and Lancelotium Lilies. Maidenhair. Polypodium.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 55.—FILETS DE SOLE GRIMOD DE LA REYMERIE.

By M. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.

Make a pâté à choux, incorporate with it as much pomme duchesse. When cold shape some bread into small ovals about three inches long. Bake them, and when cooked cut an oval opening and abstract all the inside.

Prepare some épinard en branche fried in butter with some chopped truffes. Put a spoonful in each bread, lay on a cooked fillet of sole, sauce over with Sauce Mornay, spread over a little Parmesan cheese, and brown under a salamander.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Tuesday evening.

IF YOU WANT SERVANTS OR BARGAINS

Read Pages 15 and 16.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
Rice Cutlets. Grilled Mackerel. Ham and Eggs. Bonedettes of Cold Meat.
LUNCH.
*Ox Tail Soup. Boiled Cod, Oyster Sauce. Curried Mutton. Stewed Spanish Onions. Poached Eggs with Spaghetti. Grilled Pork Chops. Piquante Sauce. Fig Pudding. Sweet Sauce. Stewed Chestnuts and Cream. Pulled Bread. Stilton Cheese.
COLD DISHES.
Lobster Mayonnaise. Rabbit Pie. Rolled and Stuffed Loin of Mutton.
TEA.
Muffins. Damson Cheese Sandwiches. Bâle Leckerles. Cocanout Buns. German Pound Cake.
DINNER.
Soups.
Mock Turtle. Lobster Bisque.
Fish.
Sole Alexandra. Devilled Crab.
Entrées.
Veal Cutlets à la Bordelaise. Mutton Fritters à la Diable.
Game.
Woodcock stuffed with Oysters. Braised Partridge.
Roast.
Roast Sirloin.
Fowl stuffed with Sausage Meat.
Vegetables.
Turnip au Gratin. Boiled Potatoes with Green Butter.
Sauces.
*Gâteaux of Cherries. Viennoise Pudding. Parmesan Puffs. Devonshire Toast.
Ice.
Neapolitaine.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 197.—OX-TAIL SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—One ox-tail, one ounce of butter, two quarts of cold water, one onion, one carrot, one turnip, two sticks of celery, two cloves, twelve peppercorns.

Cut the ox-tail into pieces at each joint; remove all fat. Put the pieces into a pan, with enough cold water to cover them. Bring them to the boil, then strain and throw away the water, and wipe the pieces of meat. This is to "blanch" the tail. Melt the butter in a saucepan, make it quite hot, and fry the ox-tail in it till brown. Pour away all the butter, but keep back any gravy there may be in the pan. Pour in the water, add a little salt, and slowly bring it to the boil. Then skim it. Clean the vegetables, and cut them in quarters; put in also the cloves and peppercorns. Simmer very gently for three and a half hours. After that time strain it into a clear basin; save the pieces of ox-tail. Let the soup get cold, and remove all fat. To serve it, make it hot, season nicely, and either cook a little vermicelli, sage, or Italian pistachio in it, or some of the smaller joints of the ox-tail may be put in.

Cost 3s. for six portions.

No. 198.—GÂTEAUX OF CHERRIES.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint bottle or tin of acid cherries, half a pint of their syrup, four ounces of butter, four ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pot of red currant jelly, one ounce of pistachio nuts, or Italian pistachio in oil, or some of a glass of sherry or brandy.

Well butter some dariole moulds. Boil the syrup till it forms a fine thread between your finger and thumb. Put in the fruit and wine and boil for five minutes, then let it become cold. Cream the butter and sugar together, then beat in the eggs one by one. Mix the flour and baking powder and add them lightly to the eggs, etc. Fill the moulds a little more than half full with this mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about fifteen minutes. When cooked place them on a sieve till they are cold. Then neatly scoop out the centres, leaving a cone of the cake. Spread over the outside of the cakes a little red currant jelly. Roll them in fine chopped pistachio in oil. Fill in the centre with cherries and a little syrup. Put a teaspoonful of whipped and flavoured cream on the top of each.

Cost 3s. 6d. for ten portions.

DAILY BARGAINS. Advertisement Rates 12 words or less 1s. (1d. per word afterwards.)

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Office in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress.

A BARGAIN—Walking Costume with bodice to match of grey zibeline, trimmed grey silk and tulle; 30s. only.—Write 2717, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BARGAIN—Widow lady offers privately two-guinea Persian Lama Fur Necklet, natural white, size 50; also new emerald, small, 18-carat, gold-plated filled handle, sacrifice 12s. 9d.; either approval before payment.—Mrs. Talbot, Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

A HANDSOME rich red Costume; trimmed velvet to match and gold cord; white embroidered waistcoat; lined silk; model; 44 5s.—Write 2805, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A SMART black and white snowflake Russian Costume; trimmed black and white silk; 40s. 6d.—Write 2776, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

AFTERNOON Gown of navy blue poplin, trimmed velvet and Oriental gait; quite up to date; scarcely worn; 25s. 41s.—Write 2702, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant pale pink silk brocade Evening Gown; plainly made; trimmed velvet old lace; 25s. 40s.—Write 2695, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant Model of Havana brown face cloth; lovely lace same colour; silk lined; 25s. 42s.—Write 2748, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant black and white three-quarter basque Jacket, silk-lined, trimmed emerald velvet and black silk applique; 40s.—Write 2766, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant cream mousseline de sole high Evening Gown; rich lace and silk fringe; only 40s.—Write 2715, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N exquisite black and white Persian Gown, semi-evening; scarcely sold; 25s. 41s. 6d.—Write 2723, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BABY'S First Clothes.—An exquisite layette of superfine long, 21 guineas; complete selection; approved; Madame Marion, Oak Villa, Colwick, Nottingham.

BARGAIN—Marmot Muff and long Necklet, with tails, 8s. 6d.; worth 60s.; caracul fur and Necklet, 6s.; approval.—Beatrice, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

BARGAIN—New Sealskin Jacket; latest sacque shape; double-breasted, with revers, storm collar; 17 15s.; approval.—B. B. 45s., Clapham-road.

BEAR skin, red Russian; very full, rich and dark; quite new; 25s.; worth 45s.; Russian mink marmot, 10s. 6d.; worth 60s.; approval.—Morris, 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Gown of French silk, bordered with white lace; skirt gauged in three sets; bodice gauged and trimmed black velvet; 25s.—Write 2772, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Cloak of grey velvet; handsome black and white cape collar, brocade lining; 43 15s.—Write 2760, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL cream cloth Collar, covered with lovely Oriental embroidery; stole ends; 14 guineas; 25s.—Write 2760, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL silk Blouse, ivory; never worn; 12s.; worth 25s.; one same colour, 21s.—Write 2703, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL electric blue cloth tailor Coat; lined silk throughout; quite new; 60s.—Write 2711, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK cloth Travelling or Driving Coat; full length; semi-fitting; lovely collar, and revers of Persian lamb; 2 guineas.—Write 2806, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK velvet over glass skirt, quite good; 19s.; two white china silk Blouses, 21s.—Write 2714, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK Thibet long Stole and handsome large Muff, very fine quality; cost 95s. this season; quite new; 12s.—Write 2794, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK sequin-net Costes; quite new; never worn; 21s.; write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK satin mer Blouse, splendid quality; little worn; 12s.; write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK silk Blouse, 21s.; write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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BLACK silk Blouse, 21s.; write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CRIMSON serge Coat, Skirt, and Bodice; trimmed black velvet, with satin and handsome gait; silk lined; 23 10s.; 25s. 42s.—Write 2745, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK green Irish frieze Russian Coat and Skirt; tall, slim figure; cost 12 guineas; 45s.—Write 2742, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK black cloth Cape; lined squirrel; lined black Thibet collar; 22s.—Write 2757, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EAU de Nil crêpe de Chine Evening or morning gown; 18-carat, gold-plated pink rosebuds; lovely lace on corage; 25s. 43s.—Write 2707, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT lady's black silk velvet semi-fitting Jacket, handsomely jetted, lined silk; 27s.—Write 2786, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT mauve silk Evening Petticoat; trimmed lace and knots of black velvet; 25s.—Write 2786, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE black silk brilliant over glass; latest style; silk lace zouave on bodice; 44 19s.; average.—Write 2734, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE Winter Costes of dark; Harris tweed; three-tier; edged emerald velvet; short coat; silk-lined; 27s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE royal blue voile over green silk smart afternoon Gown, trimmed green; 27s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE semi-evening toilette of Black Mousseline de Soie over silk; latest style; 27s.—Write 2770, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE navy blue cloth Gown; chenille applique; 25s. 40s.; 25s. 40s.—Write 2719, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FREK—Lady's dainty cambric Handkerchief, postage penny; illustrated list and samples.—The British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

FRENCH Corsets of blue silk batiste; straight fronts; suspenders; size 20 inches; never worn; too small for owner; cost 25s.; take 19s.—Write 2761, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar Necklet and Muff, beautiful red Russian sable; 13s. 6d.; approval.—Miss Mabel, 31, Clapham-road.

GREEN zibeline Costume; pouched bodice; G strapped silk; new; 24, 37, 41; 30s.—Write 2708, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREY tweed Guards' Coat, shoulder caps; piped emerald velvet, lined brocade; 19s. 6d.—Write 2813, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREY frieze semi-fitting Coat and short skirt; 27s.—Write 2708, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREY Coat and Skirt, lined silk moiré; 19s. 6d.; black cloth Winter Coat, applique collar, etc.; 15s.—Write 2729, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME model Evening Gown of black satin; gauged; trimmed richings; beautifully made; cost 12 guineas; take 4 10s.—Write 2703, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME grey Liberty velvet Gown, beautifully trimmed, hand-sewn embroidery; good condition; 25s. 41s.—Write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME full-length, rich, black satin coat; frills of accordion-plated chiffon; cost 12 guineas; take 15s.—Write 2796, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME white China silk Semi-evening Gown, inserted at intervals down skirt, new lovely; 25s.; cheap; 22 41s.—Write 2732, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELIOTROPE tailor-made tweed Coat and Skirt; 27s.—Write 2797, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

IRON-GRAY cloth Cycling Costume; latest style; 27s.—Write 2710, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LATEST style; black silk mousseline Gown, gauged; French lace insertions, charming; 25s.—Write 2781, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LIBERTY velvet Gown, sapphire blue; Empire style, lovely trimmings; 25s. 42s.—Write 2760, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LITTLE girl's Paletot of pale blue tweed, lined white flannel; outgrown; also navy blue serge Sailor Dress; 17s. 6d.—Write 2798, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY lavender silk Semi-evening Gown; new round skirt, gathered; 45s.—Write 2712, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY black and white chiffon Dinner Gown; silver trimmings; French model; cost 15 guineas; take 18s.; average figure.—Write 2771, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY black and white Evening Gown; 27s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY black and white Evening Gown; 27s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY eau de Nil Liberty satin Evening Gown; trimmed hand-painted chiffon; frills of pleated chiffon; small size; 43 22s.—Write 2743, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY brown-face cloth Costume, hand-trimmed; 25s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY tana-cotta Gown; skirt lined silk; bodice trimmed Turkish embroidery; worn three times; 5 guineas; take 10s.; 40s.—Write 701, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAIZE chiffon Ball Dress, beautifully trimmed; silver passementerie and pleated chiffon; silver flowers worked on skirt; 25 43s.; 44 10s.—Write 2726, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MISFIT—Smart blue and green flecked Tweed with green velvet trimmings, silk lined; well made; slightly injured; 27s. 6d.—Write 2782, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOURNING—An exquisite Dinner Gown of rose-pink chiffon over silk; beautiful pearl and silver trimmings; worn twice; medium; 45s.—Write 2770, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MYRTLE-GREEN cloth Coat and Skirt; semi-fitting; silk-lined; well made; 22 40s.—Write 2769, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NAVY blue cloth Costume; worn twice (not suit owner); good cut; latest style; 45s.—Write 2769, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEW navy Coat and Skirt; 23, 35, 41; bargain; 42s.—Write 682, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEWMARKET Costume of cigar-brown cloth; lined satin; nearly new; 27 42s.—Write 2709, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

OUTDOOR Costume with bodice to match, semi-fitting; 25s.—Write 2741, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE yellow silk taffetas Semi-evening Gown, trimmed with black satin; 26s.—Write 2718, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARISIAN Gown of cinnamon brown crêpe de Chine; lined black satin; 26s.—Write 2718, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new dark red cloth Robe, with black velvet applique trimmings; not made up; cost 21 guineas; accept 50s.—Write 2690, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new French model Gown; black chiffon over pink silk; trimmed lovely embroidery, lace, and pink-tipped daisies; cost 12 guineas; take 10s.—Write 2793, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY blue silk Gown Dance Dress, 19s. 6d.—Write 2813, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY white silk semi-evening Dress, for slight figure; 25s.—Write 2799, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY white accordion-plated silk Blouse, with yoke of opalescent sequin net, quite good; 19s. 6d.—Write 2755, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY pink tweed Bolero Costume; black velvet on hip, yoke, and coat; 24 39s.—Write 2706, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PURPLE frieze belted Bolero and Skirt, 27s.—Write 2745, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RESEDA green Liberty velvet Gown, beautifully made, trimmed handsome embroidery; 24 40s.—Write 2700, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SCHOOLGIRL'S dark red Coat and Skirt; 27s.—Write 2707, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SCOTCH tweed Outdoor Costume, three-quarter semi-coat, silk lined, trimmed velvet; 27s.—Write 2715, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SCOTCH tweed three-quarter semi-fitting Coat and Skirt; West End make; good style; 45s.—Write 2803, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SEALSKIN Cape, storm collar, excellent condition; cost 35s.; for 12 12s.; also new all silk Evening Dress; cost 45s. for 25s.—Write 585, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SILK-LINED black serge Skirt, 12s. 6d.; two silk blouses, black and white; 21s.—Write 2696, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Driving Coat of fawn cloth, lined silk mer; 40s.; a bargain.—Write 2716, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART new Harris tweed three-quarter Coat and Skirt; worn once; 25s.; a bargain.—Write 2728, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy and white cloth Costume; white cloth facings to three-quarter coat; short skirt; 23s.—Write 2749, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy and white cloth Costume; 23s.—Write 2749, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy and white cloth Costume; 23s.—Write 2749, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART mauve frieze Costume, belted coat, 23s. 35s.—Write 2782, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn cloth Winter Coat, 38s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Broderie Artois Hat, stylishly trimmed; 27s.—Write 2754, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Parisian Coat and Skirt, dark blue; 58s.—Write 2747, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART semi-evening black taffeta Gown, lace inserted, deep ducot, trimmed tucked frills; transparent lace yoke and sleeves; 41 42s.; cheap.—Write 2764, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red serge three-quarter Coat and Skirt, with silk Blouse to match; quite fashionable; scarcely worn; 25s. 40s.; 29s. 6d.—Write 2767, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy blue serge belted Coat and short skirt; 27s.—Write 2769, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART black canvas over black lace bolero; 25s.—Write 2775, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn canvas bolero Costume; lined with black velvet; 25s.—Write 2807, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART putty colored cloth Coat, mouk tassel; 37s.—Write 2784, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red-brown Russian Costume, double handkerchief, cap, strapped material; 21 38s.—Write 2748, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOCIETY Lady, tall, slim figure, wishes to dispose of some smart gowns (evening and walking) and blouses; reasonable prices; 27s.—Write 2746, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STONE Martin long Stole, choice quality, with real tails, center, and ends; cost 18 6d.; accept 9s.—Write 2746, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH reads green tailor-made Russian Coat and Skirt, new sleeve, trimmed handsome applique embroidery; 24 41s.; 39s.—Write 2727, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH Costume of fine royal blue cloth; lined black; 47s.—Write 2719, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH accordion-plated pale blue silk; 25s.—Write 2790, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH brown serge three-quarter Coat and Skirt; 25s.—Write 2785, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH black hopack Costume; smartly trimmed; 25s.—Write 2794, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH grey Melton cloth belted Coat and Skirt; wide sleeves; 21s. 25s.—Write 2750, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH pastel blue outdoor Costume; bolero coat, long skirt, silk blouse to match; 45s.—Write 2777, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH Opera Cloak of pale grey face cloth, lovely chinchilla and lace pelerie cape, lined brocade; cost 12s.; accept 10s.—Write 2705, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH pale grey cloth Gown; white hering-bone stitch and Irish lace, lined silk; cost 12 guineas; take 15s.—Write 2816, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH bottle-green Harris tweed trottier Coat; 27s.—Write 2707, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SUPERIOR brown lace silk Blouse, immense sleeves, trimmed lace and touches of dull fringe; model; cost 4 guineas; take 10s.—Write 2744, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TAN boots (finely), new; 5s. narrow; beautifully finished; cost 25s.; for 12s. 6d.—Write 2744, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TAILOR-MADE Newmarket Costume of dark blue cloth, perfect cut; not suit owner; 58s. 6d.—Write 2700, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

THREE Nightdresses; quite new; beautiful quality; 25s.—Write 2744, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume; iron grey frieze; inverted pleated skirt; silk-lined; 27s.—Write 2761, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume of fawn Harris tweed; 27s.—Write 2714, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume of Fingal tweed, lined black; 27s.—Write 2788, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume of Fingal tweed, lined black; 27s.—Write 2788, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume of mouse grey tweed, short skirt; 25s.—Write 2727, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO useful delaine Blouses; quite new; 15s.—Write 2773, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO pairs of French button boots, dark tan coat, 25s.; black jacket, 25s.—Write 2773, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO smart Hats; parma violets and mauve velvet and claret-red; 25s.—Write 2809, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO beautiful silk Petticoats, white China silk, with lovely embroidered flounce and turquoise lace; frilled; 25s.—Write 2768, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO glauc silk-frilled Petticoats, cardinal and blue; 25s.—Write 2769, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL outdoor Costume of heather tweed; 25s.—Write 2789, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY pretty red Louisiana silk Blouse, with black and white lace; 25s.—Write 2711, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY smart House Gown of biscuit silk, lined Empire style; 25s.—Write 2720, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY smart blue frieze Costume, blue velvet; 25s.—Write 2724, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG ladies Party Dress of pale blue Jap silk; valencienne insertion and lace-edge; frills; 25s.—Write 2758, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

ANTIQUE massive Fireguard, bottomed double brass rails and feet, from Tattersall's, 1810, perfect condition; 10s.—Write 2746, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAR Carriage Bag; dark brown; cloth lined; quite new; 42s.; worth 47s.; approval.—Major, 2, Claydon-road, S.W.

BUTLER Italian Gaiter; Ferdinando Bottari, 1810, perfect condition; 10s.—Write 2746, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.